

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

A VIEW FROM THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

THE view from the walls of Jerusalem not only shows the desecration of the most holy hill of Sion, where

“Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne,”

but presents other interesting scenes, the time-hallowed mementos of those solemn scenes recorded in Sacred History.

On the right of the wall, in the foreground, may be seen the deep excavation known as the “Pool of Bethesda,” and the high northern boundary of the Haram's enclosure, with a minaret above, connected with the great mosque of Omar. The magnificent mosque of Omar (occupying the site of the “holy of holies,” of the temple of Solomon), with the smaller mosque of El Aksa, seen in the distance, together with the groves, fountains, and spacious enclosure of the Haram, form of themselves a distinct and beautiful picture.

Below the wall, on the left, is a narrow, level ridge, used as a Turkish cemetery; and beneath this, is the “valley of Jehoshaphat,” containing the “garden of Gethsemane,” with its grotto, the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the “brook of Kidron.”

Above and beyond this valley, the “mount of Olives” arises; and the pathway leading to Bethany, over the centre of the mount, may be observed, as well as the Church of the Ascension, which adorns the summit.

In the following selections from Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies, the poet bewails the execration attending Judah's fallen race, and the pollution of her desolate shrines, in the purest and most pathetic poetry the English language contains.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills

Exulting yet may bound,

And drink from all the living rills

That gush on holy ground;

Its airy step and glorious eye

May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,

Hath Judah witnessed there;

And o'er her scenes of lost delight

Inhabitants more fair.

The cedars wave on Lebanon,

But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains

Than Israel's scattered race;

For, taking rest, it there remains

In solitary grace;

It cannot quit its place of birth,

It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,

In other lands to die;

And where our fathers' ashes be

Our own may never lie:

Our temple hath not left a stone,

And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE!

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lay her bleeding feet?
And where shall Sion's songs again seem sweet;
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

There—where thy fingers scorched the tablet-stone!

There—where thy shadow to thy people shone,
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:

Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear:

How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!

How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

In the lament for the destruction of Jerusalem, Lord Byron achieves one of those singular and successful efforts of his genius; he blends the strains, almost of triumph and resignation, even amidst the bitter anguish and despair of the wretched captives.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,

I beheld thee, oh Sion! when rendered to Rome:

'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall

Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot, for a moment, my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that evade vengeance
in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height and beheld the de-
cline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy
shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its
stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's
head!

But the gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father, is only for Thee.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HARVEST-HOME.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

COME, let us mount the breezy down,
And hearken to the tumult blown
Up from the champaign and the town.

Lovely lights, smooth shadows sweet,
Swiftly o'ercroft and valley fleet,
And flood the hamlet at our feet;

Its groves, its hall, its grange that stood
When Bess was Queen, its steeple rude;
Its mill that patters in the wood:

And follow where the brooklet curls,
Seaward, or in cool shadow whirls,
Or silvery o'er its cresses purls.

The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain;
The merry work goes on amain;

Pale streaks of cloud scarce veil the blue,
Against the golden harvest hue
The Autumn trees look fresh and new;

Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea;

I see the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek, and boddice staid,
Mid the stout striplings half afraid;

Her red lip and her soft blue eye
Mute the poppy's crimson dye,
And the corn-flowers waving by;

I see the sire with bronzed chest;
Mad babes amid the blithe unrest
Seem leaping from the mother's breast;

The mighty youth, and supple child
Go forth, the yellow sheaves are piled,
The toil is mirth, the mirth is wild!

Old head, and sunny forehead peers
O'er the warm sea, or disappears,
Drown'd amid the waving ears;

Barefoot urchins run, and hide
In hollows, 'twixt the corn, or glide
Toward the tall sheaf's sunny side;

Lusty pleasures, hob-nail'd fun,
Throng into the noon-day sun,
And 'mid the merry reapers run.

Draw the clear October out;
Another, and another bout,
Then back to labor with a shout!

The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple Autumn sky,
Like armies of Prosperity.

Hark! through the middle of the town
From the sunny slopes run down,
Bawling boys, and reapers brown;

Laughter flies from door to door
To see fat plenty with his store
Led a captive by the poor;

Fetter'd in a golden chain,
Rolling in a burly wain,
Over valley, mount, and plain;

Right through the middle of the town,
With a great sheaf for a crown,
Onward he reels a happy clown;

Faintly cheers the tailor thin,
And the smith with sooty chin
Lends his hammer to the din;

And the master blithe and boon,
Pours forth his boys that afternoon,
And locks his desk an hour too soon.

Yet, when the shadows eastward seen
O'er the smooth-shorn fallows lean,
And Silence sits where they have been,

Amid he gleaners I will stay,
While the shout and roundelay
Faint off, and daylight dies away;

Dies away, and leaves me lone
With dim ghosts of years ago,
Summers parted, glories flown;

Till day beneath the West is roll'd,
Till grey spire and tufted wold
Purple in the evening gold:

Memories when old age is come,
Are stray ears that flick the gloom,
And echoes of the Harvest-home.

From the North British Review.

1. *The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston, U. S., 1851. 8vo.
2. *The Scarlet Letter: A Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston, U. S., 1850. 16mo.
3. *The Blithedale Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. London, 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
4. *Hyperion: A Romance.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London, 1853. 8vo.
5. *Kavanah: A Tale.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston, U. S., 1851. 8vo.
6. *The Wide Wide World; or, The Early History of E. Montgomery.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. [Pseud. i. e., Miss E. WARNER.] 1852. 8vo.
7. *Queechy.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. London, 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
8. *Tales.* By EDGAR ALLAN POE. London, 1845. 8vo.
9. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. London, 1852. 8vo.

HOWEVER much we may regret that such a thing should be, it cannot be denied that in the present day the novelist and the poet rival the preacher in the influence and importance of their instructions. This truth is become such a truism that we should not have repeated it but for a corollary which is of great significance, although it has been hitherto almost neglected in criticism and practice: it is, that the responsibility of the poet and the novelist, for the wholesomeness of their instructions, is also scarcely inferior to that of the preacher. If a minister of the gospel deviates a hair's-breadth from the well-defined convictions of his congregation, his audience falls away, and he will never hear the last of it; and, as for an error of practical morals, it would be regarded with such horror if it came from the pulpit that the occurrence of such defalcations is absolutely unknown among us. But, as many of us keep our best suit of clothes and conduct for the Sabbath, so we have our Sunday and week-day doctrines; and to be orthodox one day is regarded as salt sufficient for the seven. In our Sunday sermon we demand a bright and spotless reflection of revelation, and on Monday we fall to recreating ourselves (mark the etymology!) with some novel or poem, which, if we had character and courage to set its secret sins in the light of God's countenance, would horrify us with its profound infidelity and insane perversion of moral truth. We rejoice in the elegant and consistent worldliness of Mr. A.; refresh our spirits with the "liberal" views of Mr. B., the graceful apostle of the graceful form of Atheism

called Pantheism; or follow Miss C. in her delicious and nerve-dissolving analysis and apotheosis of the relations between the sexes, quite contented if these admirable geniuses preserve towards our religion the kind of respect which all well-bred people will of course award to "present company,"—that is to say, a verbal reservation sufficient to guard against the speaker's being called to account for his language without more pain and explanation than the occasion would seem to deserve. Whether such habits of reading are compatible with the existence of a right Christian conscience, we do not undertake to declare. We only call attention to the fact, that such habits do widely prevail among persons calling themselves Christians, and that the vast majority of the works of imagination and fiction which come from the press in the present day are as Pagan as works produced in the atmosphere of Christian influence can be.

The above remarks have been suggested partly by the appearance and surprising popularity in Britain of certain American novels, especially those of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and of Elizabeth Wetherell, which exhibit a gratifying contrast to the general run of modern novels, and partly by the publication of other works, in the same country, which are of a directly opposite nature, although that opposition is so carefully veiled under a pseudo-Christian phraseology that it may not be apparent to most readers.

We had occasion, in a recent number of this Journal, to speak our opinion concerning American poetry, and we did it with a candor which, as it seems, was not pleasing to the self-love of our transatlantic brothers. We had to point out and to prove the fact that America has not yet produced one poet whose name has a chance of surviving the trial of a hundred years. We did this with no unfriendly feeling. America is a new thing upon the face of the earth. Great nations, in their youth, have commonly produced great poets; but America has had no youth. The youth of America was that of Britain; and the great poets who lived before, and even after, the national schism, belong as much to her literature as they do to ours. In fact, the very notion of two literatures in one language is an absurdity. If English literature, since the political independence of America, has flourished best at head quarters, it is no more to be wondered at than that the press of London should have been more prolific of good books than that of Liverpool.

The spirit of romance, however, has not been so strictly metropolitan in its choice of an abiding place as that of poetry. If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Burns, and Tennyson, have had no rivals in America, it is not so with Dickens, Marryat, Bulwer, and Currer Bell. Against these names America may boldly set her

Stowes, Coopers, Longfellow, and Hawthornes, in whom there is no mistaking an independence and originality which hold out high hopes of the share which the writers of America are destined to take in the English literature of the future.

In proceeding to notice a few of the leading works of recent American fiction, we beg that our readers, particularly our American readers, will not attribute to us a fondness for fault-finding, if, in some cases, we dwell with greater emphasis upon the errors than upon the excellencies of the works noticed. All the books at the head of this Article have received in Britain a welcome of unmistakable heartiness. The critic's chief duty is to point out faults and virtues which do not manifest themselves to the hasty reader. If the writers herein to be noticed had missed their meed of popular applause, they should have had little else than praise from us; as it is, they can well afford to be called, for once, to a somewhat strict account of their short-comings.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, a name that must be familiar to most of our readers, has distinguished himself in England chiefly by three very remarkable tales,—“The House with the Seven Gables,” “The Scarlet Letter,” and “The Blithedale Romance.” These works are the most forcible in the imaginative line that America has yet produced. Nothing in her poetry is half so poetical, and yet they are not more so than imaginative prose has a right to be. The most striking features in these tales are the extraordinary skill and masterly care which are displayed in their composition. “The House with the Seven Gables” may be charged with a little redundancy of description; but in the other stories named it would be difficult to pick out a page that could be omitted without loss to the development of the narrative and the idea, which are always mutually illustrative to a degree not often attained in any species of modern art. When Mr. Hawthorne begins one of his stories he seems to become so perfectly absorbed with his leading moral—which, by the way, is not always unexceptionable—that he no longer has eyes or memory for anything in the universe but for exactly those things which will serve him best for illustrations and arguments and steps in his poetical proof of the moral proposition he sets out with. With all this rigid adherence to his point, there is, however, no sense of hardness, difficulty, and confinement in his style. His language, though for an American extraordinarily accurate, is always light and free; his illustrations and incidents, though often startlingly odd, and, for the moment, apparently unrelated, have never the air of being far-fetched, but seem rather to be the best possible for the occasion; and the narrative, though curiously elaborated, is so well *contrasted* and *propor-*

tioned in its several parts, that it makes, when we have finished, an impression full of simplicity and totality.

His tales always deserve a double reading, one for the story and one for the art, which is so complete that it is scarcely possible to comprehend all its bearings on the first perusal, though that which we do comprehend on the first perusal is of itself entirely satisfactory and sufficient. This is a great test of the genuineness of an imaginative work. In proportion to its truth, depth, and power, a work of art is like a work of nature, a mountain, for example, which exhibits a clear and organic outline in the distance at which nothing else can be seen; on a nearer approach the blue and perpendicular surface resolves itself into an orderly system of subordinate peaks, forests, and ravines, and these, on a closer acquaintance, exhibit their geological and botanical characteristics; all is order and proportion, view it how you will, carefully or carelessly, near or far off, with the telescope, the naked eye, or with the microscope. Shakspeare's plays are the rivals of nature in this excellent composition of parts; and in the same direction, though at a vast distance, the tales of Hawthorne follow.

Notwithstanding all this artistic excellence there are certain very serious defects in Mr. Hawthorne's tales. We will notice the two faults which chiefly strike us. One is mainly artistic, the other mainly moral. The artistic fault is the continual, and certainly the very effective, though faulty, use of the *supernatural*. Now, the supernatural, as Mr. Hawthorne uses it, is perhaps an allowable means of effect in a work which is only meant to endure for the day and hour in which such work is written and read; but Mr. Hawthorne's tales are too permanently valuable to admit, legitimately, of so large an admixture of an element of effect which fails upon the second reading. Mr. Hawthorne manages the supernatural so well, he makes it so credible by refining away the line of demarcation between the natural and supernatural, he derives profit so ingeniously from the existing tremor of the public mind, arising from what is seen and said of mesmerism, electro-biology, spirit-rappings, and Swedenborgian psychology, that we could have made no objection to one trial of his faculties for rendering nightmares compatible with daylight and open eyes; but when the thing is done over and over again, and the sober and admirable nature of his stories continually overwhelmed with this insane supernatural, it loses its value. Nature being a thing of beauty, is a joy forever; but a trick, however skilful and astonishing, is not worth seeing more than once. Mr. Hawthorne should, moreover, recollect that, in the course of a few years at most, the class of phenomena upon which he relies for his most vivid coloring will certainly

either sink to the sober level of natural facts, or will be exploded as impostures and vapors of enfeebled brains. The "supernatural" is only interesting beyond other things so long as it continues to vibrate between the credible and the incredible. The credible, however exalted, is nature,—the absolutely incredible is a lie, and neither nature nor supernature. If ever clairvoyants and spirit-rappings become established facts, they will immediately fall into the domains of nature; *spiritual* nature, indeed, but still nature; and they will be no more "extraordinary" or "supernatural" than any of those moral phenomena whose realities daily plague or pacify the conscience, although they fail to present any very distinct and tangible substance to the eye of the mere understanding. When this comes to pass all the "supernatural" coloring of Mr. Hawthorne's tales will resemble the prominent "lights" of Sir Joshua Reynold's pictures, which, through some fault of the artist, have all changed to blackness and vacancy. It must be further remarked, that Mr. Hawthorne's error in this matter is not wholly artistical; he is damaging the cause of truth in endowing with such a wonderful semblance of reality things in which he himself has no settled faith. He is unconsciously taking part with the charlatan whose proceedings he thus powerfully describes and denounces:—

I heard, from a pale man in blue spectacles, some stranger stories than ever were written in a romance; told, too, with a simple unimaginative steadfastness, which was terribly efficacious in compelling the auditor to receive them into the category of established facts. He cited instances of the miraculous power of one human being over the will and passions of another, inasmuch that settled grief was but a shadow beneath the influence of a man possessing this potency, and the strong love of years melted away like a vapor. At the bidding of one of these wizards, the maiden, with her lover's kiss still burning on her lips, would turn from him with icy indifference; the newly made widow would dig up her buried heart out of her young husband's grave, before the sods had taken root upon it; a mother, with her babe's milk in her bosom, would thrust away her child. Human character was but soft wax in his hands; and guilt or virtue, only the forms into which he should see fit to mould it. The religious sentiment was a flame which he could blow up with his breath, or a spark that he could utterly extinguish. It is unutterable the horror and disgust with which I listened, and saw that if these things were to be believed the individual soul was virtually annihilated, and all that is sweet and pure in our present life debased, and that the idea of man's eternal responsibility was made ridiculous, and immortality rendered at once impossible, and not worth acceptance. But I would have perished on the spot, rather than believe it.

The epoch of rapping spirits, and all the won-

ders that have followed in their train—such as tables upset by invisible agencies, bells self-tolled at funerals, and ghostly music performed on Jews' harps, had not yet arrived. Alas, my countrymen, methinks we have fallen on an evil age! If these phenomena have not humbug at the bottom, so much the worse for us. What can they indicate, in a spiritual way, except that the soul of man is descending to a lower point than it has ever before reached, while incarnate? We are pursuing a downward course in the eternal march, and thus bring ourselves into the same range with beings whom death, in requital of their gross and evil lives, has degraded below humanity! To hold intercourse with spirits of this order, we must stoop and grovel in some element more vile than earthly dust. These goblins, if they exist at all, are but the shadows of past mortality, outcasts, mere refuse stuff, adjudged unworthy of the eternal world, and on the most favorable supposition, dwindling gradually into nothingness. The less we have to say to them the better, lest we share their fate!

The other charge we have to make against Mr. Hawthorne is a far graver one, and not unallied with that with which we have now been engaged. The fault in question is that of making the moral subserve the art, instead of the art the moral; and furthermore, of even distorting moral truth, in order to obtain artistic effect. Mr. Hawthorne's mind is much too discerning to allow of a verdict of "not guilty," or of "quite unintentional error." In Mr. Hawthorne's hands, the Christian faith is strangely mixed up with a nightmare feeling of fatality, a combination which certainly produces a very strong artistic effect, but which, as it is formed at the expense of Christian reality, we do not hesitate to condemn. Again, the great fundamental truth of all morality, that God's violated laws vindicate themselves, is obscured by the frequent employment of supernatural means of restoring the equilibrium destroyed by sin. Mesmerism, magic signs in heaven and earth, witches, and evil persons endowed with a fiendish ubiquity and omniscience, are not needed, or employed, to work out the moral harmony of the world; and to use them as Mr. Hawthorne does, is to do as much as lies in his power, to weaken his reader's apprehension of the most solid and self-sufficient of all realities. Those who have not perused any of Mr. Hawthorne's works, will scarcely understand or credit the statement of the very extraordinary impression which those works are calculated to leave upon the mind. Upon laying down one of these books, we seem to have been living in a world of bad dreams, and horribly consistent insanities; the author's wonderful power of describing, and of *harmonizing*, the strangest characters and incidents, gives for the time, a strong impression of the possibility and reality of such events and persons; and so long as this impres-

sion remains, vibrating in the heart and mind, the ordinary realities of life seem to totter, and to become unsubstantial. This impression is always of a strongly moral kind; but the morality is often partial and perverted, and sometimes unchristian, if not anti-christian.

Each of Mr. Hawthorne's works has such an admirable totality and unsuperfluity in itself, that it is impossible to give our readers a due notion of its merit, by any abstract or extracts. We hope, however, to give them insight enough into one or two of his tales, to send them to the originals for further satisfaction of an awakened curiosity.

To begin with "The Scarlet Letter:" In the sombre puritan youth of America, Hester Prynne, during the absence of her husband, who has not been heard of for some years, gives birth to a daughter. The authorities of the American town, greatly scandalized at a crime almost unheard of in their simple community, take the matter in hand, and after vainly attempting to elicit from the unfortunate culprit, the name of him who has brought this disgrace upon her, condemn her to sit for some hours on a scaffold in the market-place, exposed to the gaze of the whole town, and to wear ever after, on her breast, a letter embroidered in brilliant scarlet, to mark her as the adulteress.

During Hester's exposure on the scaffold, the elder ministers call upon her pastor, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, a young man of extraordinary power in preaching, and greatly beloved by all the town, to exhort her once more to name the father of her child. After some hesitation he consents, and solemnly conjures her, if she feels it to be for her soul's welfare, to do so. He reminds her that by concealing his name, she encourages, nay, forces him, as it were, to hypocrisy, while, by declaring it, she may indeed bring him to shame in this world, but may be the means of saving his soul from perdition hereafter. Hester remains immovable, and sits alone, through the long hours of agonizing shame, to which her crime has brought her. During her exposure, her husband returns. He is an old and deformed man, and on finding his young and beautiful wife in this terrible situation, feels no tenderness nor pity, but is at once seized with an overwhelming desire to revenge himself upon his rival. He visits Hester in the evening, and extorts from her a promise that she will never discover him; for he is quite unknown in the town. After this, he makes himself known as a physician, under the name of Roger Chillingworth, and getting a suspicion that the man he seeks is no other than the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, whose declining health and settled and mysterious unhappiness, together with other symptoms, seem to justify this idea, he gradually attaches himself

to him, as a medical adviser, and contrives, at last, to take up his abode with him.

The reader is, by degrees, made aware that Chillingworth's suspicions are well founded. This young minister, who is regarded as a pattern of holiness, whose sermons are blessed by numerous conversions, and who, perhaps, of all the community, is the most highly extolled, carries about with him the consciousness that he is, in reality, linked in common crime with the poor despised woman of the scarlet letter. He is frequently tempted, when he hears the town ringing with his praises, to step down from his pedestal, and declare himself an adulterer; but cowardice invariably stops him from what he believes to be his distinct duty. His fiendish physician has ample scope for his revenge, in harrowing the sensitive mind of his patient by harping on subjects most likely to call up his remorse, and his sense of guilt; and the minister, though unconscious of the cause, soon acquires a dread of Chillingworth which makes his constant surveillance an intolerable burden, in itself sufficient to embitter life. In this constant struggle between the longing to ease his conscience, and the dread of exposure, seven years pass away. One night the minister rushes from his room to the scaffold where Hester had passed her dreadful trial.

It was an obscure night of early May. A pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky, from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye-witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment, could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no human face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark gray of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and clog his throat with catarrh and cough; thereby defrauding the expectant audience of tomorrow's prayer and sermon. No eye could see him, save that ever-wakeful one which had seen him in the closet, wielding the bloody scourge. Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery, indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced with jeering laughter! He had been driven hither by the influence of that remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely-linked companion, was that cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous gripe, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of disclosure. Poor miserable man! What right had infirmity like his to burden itself with crime? Crime is for the iron-nerved, who have their choice either to endure it, or, if it press too hard, to exert their fierce and savage strength for a good purpose, and fling it off at once! This feeble and most

sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which intertwined in the same inextricable knot, the agony of Heaven-defying guilt and vain repentance.

"And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud; an outcry that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the back ground; as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro.

"It is done!" muttered the minister, covering his face with his hands. "The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!"

"But it was not so. The shriek had perhaps sounded with a far greater power, to his own startled ears, than it actually possessed. The town did not awake."

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The minister grew comparatively calm. His eyes, however, were soon greeted by a little glimmering light, which at first a long way off, was approaching up the street. It threw a gleam of recognition on here a post and there a garden fence, and here a latticed window pane, and there a pump, with its full trough of water, and here again, an arched door of oak, with an iron knocker, and a rough log for the door-step. The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale noted all these minute particulars, even while firmly convinced that the doom of his existence was stealing onwards, in the footsteps which he now heard; and that the gleam of the lantern would fall upon him in a few minutes more, and reveal his long-hidden secret. As the light drew nearer, he beheld within its illuminated circle, his brother clergyman, — or to speak more accurately, his professional father, as well as highly valued friend, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who, as Mr. Dimmesdale now conjectured, had been praying at the bed-side of some dying man.

As the Rev. Mr. Wilson passed beside the scaffold, closely muffling his Geneva cloak about him with one arm, and holding the lantern before his breast with the other, the minister could hardly restrain himself from speaking. "A good morning to you, venerable Father Wilson! Come up hither. I pray you, and pass a pleasant hour with me!"

Good heavens! Had Mr. Dimmesdale actually spoken! For one instant he believed that these words had passed his lips. But they were uttered only within his own imagination. The venerable Father Wilson continued to step slowly onward, looking carefully at the muddy pathway before his feet, and never once turning his head towards the guilty platform. When the light of the glimmering lantern had faded quite away, the minister discovered by the faintness which came over him, that the last few moments had been a crisis of terrible anxi-

ety, although his mind had made an involuntary effort to relieve itself by a kind of lurid playfulness.

Shortly after, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break and find him there. * * *

Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light airy laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart — but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute — he recognized the tones of little Pearl.

"Pearl, little Pearl!" cried he after a moment's pause; then suppressing his voice — "Hester, Hester Prynne, are you there?"

"Yes; it is Hester Prynne!" she returned in a tone of surprise, and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side walk along which she had been passing. "It is I and my little Pearl."

"Whence come you, Hester?" asked the minister. "What sent you hither?"

"I have been watching at a death-bed," answered Hester Prynne, "at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling."

"Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl," said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale; "ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!"

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

"Minister!" whispered little Pearl.

"What wouldst thou say, child?" asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

"Wilt thou stand here with mother and me to-morrow, noontide?" inquired Pearl.

"Nay, not so, my little Pearl," answered the minister; for with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure, that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him, and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which — with a strange joy, nevertheless — he now found himself — "not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one day, but not to-morrow."

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand; but the minister held it fast.

"A moment longer, my child," said he.

"But wilt thou promise," asked Pearl, "to take my hand, and mother's hand, to-morrow, noontide?"

"Not then, Pearl," said the minister, "but another time."

"At what other time?" persisted the child.

"At the great judgment-day," whispered the minister; and, strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. "Then and there, before the judgment-seat, thy mother, and thou, and I, must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!"

Pearl laughed again.

But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night-watchers may so often observe burning out to waste, in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance, that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of the cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene in the street with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable peaks—the door-steps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them—the garden-plots, black with freshly turned earth—the wheel-track, little worn, and even in the market-place, margined with green on either side—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect which seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before; and there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart, and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom, and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor, as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the day-break that shall unite all who belong to one another.

* * * * *

We impute it, therefore, solely to disease in his own eye and heart, that the minister, looking upward to the zenith, beheld there the appearance of an immense letter—the letter A—marked out in lines of dull red light. Not but that the meteor may have shown itself at that point, burning dusky through a veil of cloud, but with no such shape as his guilty imagination gave it, or, at least, with so little definiteness that another's guilt might have seen another symbol.

* * * * *

The next day, being the Sabbath, he preached a discourse which was held to be the richest and most powerful, and the most replete with heavenly influences, that had ever proceeded from his lips. Souls, it is said, more souls than one, were brought to the truth by the efficacy of that sermon, and vowed within themselves to retain a holy gratitude towards Mr. Dimmesdale throughout the long hereafter. But as he

came down the pulpit steps, the gray-bearded sexton met him, holding up a black glove, which the minister recognized as his own.

"It was found," said the sexton, "this morning on the scaffold where evil-doers are put up to public shame. Satan dropped it there, I take it, intending a scurrilous jest against your reverence. But, indeed, he was blind and foolish, as he ever and always is. A pure hand needs no glove to cover it."

The foregoing extract will enable the reader to form a tolerably just estimation of Mr. Hawthorne's remarkable powers of description; but the whole tale must be perused before a due value can be attached to the astonishing subtlety, boldness, and novelty with which the workings of conscience, infirmity, and hypocrisy in the guilty minister's breast, are developed. We know nothing equal to it, in its way, in the whole circle of English literature.

Mr. Hawthorne's *chef-d'œuvre* is, however, his last work, "The Blithedale Romance." In this tale, the writer, with an irony of withering calmness, exposes the vanity and selfishness which underlie the seemingly worthy and benevolent purposes of the various *dramatis personæ*, who engage themselves in one of the many schemes of politico-moral reformation which moderns have invented as substitutes for the reformation of themselves. The chief characters are Miles Coverdale, Hollingsworth, Zenobia, Priscilla, Silas Foster, Westerwelt, and an old ruined man of the world. Miles Coverdale, who tells the story, is a poetaster, à la Goethe, who prides himself on his perceptive powers, and thinks that he is doing his work in overlooking the active world, and, as the gust inspires him, setting what he sees to second-rate verse. He engages with the rest in a Socialist scheme, not because he has faith in it, or in anything else, but because he is sick of his old mode of doing nothing, and yearns for a new one.

Zenobia is the pseudonym of a lady who is a sort of Yankee George Sand. It is clear that her "antecedents" have been questionable. She has been no stranger, from her girlhood upwards, to what the French call Love, and we are permitted to infer that she takes part in the scheme with the presentiment that something may turn up in the way of a good novelesque amour, and she is not altogether mistaken. This character, like all the rest, is powerfully given, and in the true way; that is, by glimpses, as we see characters in nature, and not by the way of elaborate portraiture. The irony with which the writer exposes this character in the very praises of Miles Coverdale is surprisingly effective, from its delicacy and moderation; and the imbecility of the poetaster, whose nerves are ruthlessly imposed upon by the scornful and gaudy presence of this heroine, whom even he, in her

absence, has wit enough to see through and look down upon, is an admirable sarcasm upon the "perceptive temperament," when it is unaccompanied by moral energy and hearty humanity.

Her hand, though very soft, was larger than most women would like to have, or than they could afford to have, though not a whit too large in proportion with the spacious plan of Zenobia's entire development. It did one good to see a fine intellect (as hers really was, although its natural tendencies lay in another direction than towards literature) so fitly cased. She was, indeed, an admirable figure of a woman, just on the hither verge of her richest maturity, with a combination of features which it is safe to call remarkably beautiful, even if some fastidious persons might pronounce them a little deficient in softness and delicacy. But we find enough of those attributes everywhere. Preferable—by way of variety, at least—was Zenobia's health, bloom, and vigor, which she possessed in such overflow that a man might well have fallen in love with her for their sake only. In her quiet moods she seemed rather indolent; but when really in earnest, particularly if there were a spice of bitter feeling, she grew all alive, to her finger tips.

This fine female animal, whose intellect, though strong, is not less material than her beauty makes no impression—though, in a sort of lazy way, she desires it—upon the heart of Coverdale. He is a "man of refinement," though he is little else, and he is effectually repelled by things which are intended by Zenobia to attract him.

"I am afraid," said Zenobia, with mirth gleaming out of her eyes, "we shall find some difficulty in adopting the Paridisaical system for at least a month to come. Look at that snow-drift sweeping past the window! Are there any figs ripe, do you think? Have the pine-apples been gathered to-day? Would you like a bread-fruit, or a cocoa-nut? Shall I run out and pluck you some roses? No, no, Mr. Coverdale, the only flower hereabouts is the one in my hair, which I got out of a green-house this morning. As for the garb of Eden," added she, shivering playfully, "I shall not assume it till after May-day."

Assuredly Zenobia could not have intended it; the fault must have been in my imagination. But these last words, together with something in her manner, irresistibly brought up a picture of that fine, perfectly-developed figure, in Eve's earliest garment. Her free, careless, generous modes of expression, often had this effect, of creating images which, though pure, are hardly felt to be quite decorous when born of a thought that passes between a man and woman. I imputed it, at that time, to Zenobia's noble courage, conscious of no harm, and scorning the petty restraints which take the life and color out of other women's conversation."

Silas Foster, who evidently has no care for or real apprehension of what the Communist

scheme means, and takes part in it only because he finds his vocation wherever there are pigs to keep and cows to drive, is the one point of reality in all the phantasmagoria of conceit, and its concomitant passions and imbecilities.

Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance—"Which man among you," quoth he, "is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton Fair, and buy half-a-dozen pigs."

Pigs! Good heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this? And again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market—

"We shall never make any hand of market-gardening," said Silas Foster, "unless the women folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We have n't team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no; I tell you we should have to get up a little too early in the morning, to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston."

It struck me as rather odd, that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labor. But to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves."

It is in the exquisite perception of moral and social phenomena of this last sort that Mr. Hawthorne excels every other modern writer we are acquainted with. We have seen the remorseless anatomy with which the subtle hypocrisies of the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale were exposed to laughter and pity. False societies impose upon our author no more than false persons; witness the last paragraph of the foregoing extract, and the following passage, in which the vanity and selfishness which form the basis of at least ninety-nine hundredths of our modern schemes of social reformation stand skinned alive:—

We all sat down—grisy Silas Foster, his round helpmate, and the two bouncing handmaidens, included—and looked at one another in a friendly but rather awkward way. It was the first practical trial of our theories of equal brotherhood and sisterhood, and we people of superior cultivation and refinement (for such, I presume, we unhesitatingly reckoned ourselves) felt as if something were already accomplished towards the millennium of love. The truth is, however, that the laboring oar was with our unpolished

companions; it being far easier to condescend than to accept of condescension. Neither did I refrain from questioning in secret, whether some of us, and Zenobia among the rest, would so quietly have taken our places among these good people, save from the cherished consciousness that it was not from necessity, but choice. Though we saw fit to drink our tea out of earthen cups to-night, and in earthen company, it was at our own option to use pictured porcelain, and handle silver forks again, to-morrow. This same salvo, as to the power of regaining our former position, contributed much, I fear, to the equanimity with which we subsequently bore many of the hardships and humiliations of a life of toil. If ever I have deserved—which has not often been the case; and, I think, never—but if ever I did deserve to be soundly cuffed by a fellow-mortal for secretly putting weight upon some social advantage, it must have been while I was ostentatiously striving to prove myself his equal, and no more. It was while I sat beside him on his cobbler's bench, or clinked my hoe against his own in the corn-field, or broke the same crust of bread, my earth-grimmed hand to his, at our noontide lunch. The poor proud man should look at both sides of sympathy like this."

Mr. Hollingsworth, who has his independent quack remedy for society, says confidentially to Coverdale, "I see through the system. It is full of defects, irremediable and damning ones. From first to last, there is nothing else. I grasp it in my hand, and find no substance whatever. *There is no human nature in it.*" Nevertheless he assists in the hope of making the scheme serve his own. They try to choose a name for their colony.

Zenobia suggested "Sunny Glimpse," as expressive of a vista into a better system of society. This we turned over and over for a while, acknowledging its prettiness, but concluded it to be rather too fine and sentimental a name (a fault inevitable by literary ladies in such attempts) for sun-burnt men to work under. I ventured to whisper "Utopia," which was, however, unanimously scouted down, and the proposer very harshly maltreated, as if he had intended a latent satire. Some were for calling our institution "The Oasis," in view of its being the one green spot in the moral sandwaste of the world; but others insisted on a proviso for reconsidering the matter at a twelvemonth's end, when a final decision might be had whether to name it "The Oasis," or "Sahara."

A defect of this very remarkable book, is the absence of any sufficient glimpse of the realities whose opposites it is, we suppose, Mr. Hawthorne's desire to teach us to shun. Silas Foster, as we have said, is the only real person in the drama. Zenobia and Priscilla, in their several extremes, are alike destitute of true womanhood—Hollingsworth and Coverdale, in their opposite ways, equally unmanly. As is always the case with clever and selfish persons, Zenobia, Coverdale, Hollingsworth, and

others in this tale, have a singular acuteness to one another's defects, and an obtuseness no less extraordinary to their own. Zenobia, of course, falls in love, in her way, with Hollingsworth, from the desire, natural to all vain minds, of conquering difficulties. She aids and abets his pseudo-philanthropic schemes, so long as she hopes for a return of her passion; but when she finds that he is better affected towards a damsel as insipid as she herself is over savory, she incontinently drowns herself, after venting a good deal of not uneloquent invective, such as this:—

"Now God be judge between us," cried Zenobia, breaking into sudden passion, "which of us two has most mortally offended him! At least I am a woman, with every fault, it may be, that woman ever had,—weak, vain, unprincipled, like most of my sex; for our virtues, when we have any, are merely impulsive and intuitive, passionate too, and pursuing my foolish and unattainable ends by indirect and cunning, though absurdly chosen means, as an hereditary bond slave must; *false, moreover, to the whole circle of good, in my truth to the little good I saw before me,*—but still a woman! a creature whom only a little change of earthly fortune, a little kinder smile of Him who sent me hither, and one true heart to encourage and direct me, might have made all that a woman can be! But how is it with you? Are you a man? No; but a monster! A cold, heartless, self-beginning and self-ending piece of mechanism!"

"With what, then, do you charge me?" asked Hollingsworth, aghast, and greatly disturbed by this attack. "Show me one selfish end, in all I ever aimed at, and you may cut it out of my bosom with a knife!"

"It is all self!" answered Zenobia, with still intenser bitterness. "Nothing else, nothing but self, self, self! The fiend, I doubt not, has made his choicest mirth of you these seven years past, and especially in the mad summer which we have spent together. I see it now! I awake disenchanted and disenthralled! Self, self, self! You have embodied yourself in a project. You are a better masquerader than the witches and gipsies yonder; for your disguise is a self-deception. See whither it has brought you! First you aimed a death-blow (and a treacherous one) at this scheme of a purer and higher life, which so many noble spirits had wrought out. Then, because Coverdale could not be quite your slave, you threw him ruthlessly away. And you took me, too, into your place, as long as there was hope of my being available, and now fling me aside again—a broken tool! But foremost and blackest of your sins, you stifled down your inmost consciousness! You did a deadly wrong to your own heart! You were ready to sacrifice this girl whom, if God ever visibly shewed a purpose, he put it into your charge; and through whom He was striving to redeem you!"

"This is a woman's view!" said Hollingsworth, growing deadly pale,—"a woman's, whose whole sphere of action is in the heart, and who can conceive no higher nor wider one."

"Be silent!" cried Zenobia—"you know neither man nor woman!"

In this last opinion, however, we cannot agree with Zenobia. Every true woman's heart will say, "Well said!" to the following speech of Hollingsworth, in reply to Zenobia, who charges him with despising woman:—

"Despise her? No!" cried Hollingsworth, lifting his great shaggy head, and shaking it at us, while his eyes glowed almost fiercely. "She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of the sympathizer: the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition withheld in every other manner, but given in pity through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself—the echo of God's own voice pronouncing 'It is well done!' All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always will be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and thank Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of a woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither man nor woman!—if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of superiority, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!"

We must conclude our extracts from this, the best novel in America, and one of the best of the present age, with the following shrewd hits:—

"To tell you a secret, I never could tolerate a philanthropist before. Could you?"

"By no means," I answered, "neither can I now."

"They are, indeed, an odiously disagreeable set of mortals," continued Zenobia. "I should like Mr. Hollingsworth a great deal better if the philanthropy had been left out. At all events, as a mere matter of taste, I wish he would let the bad people alone, and try to benefit those who are not already past his help. Do you suppose he will be content to spend his life, or even a few months of it, among tolerably virtuous and comfortable individuals like ourselves?"

"Upon my word, I doubt it," said I. "If we wish to keep him with us, we must systematically commit, at least, one crime a-piece. Mere peccadilloes will not satisfy him."

"Zenobia turned, side-long, a strange kind of

glance upon me; but before I could make out what it meant, we had entered the kitchen."

* * * * *

"In truth it was dizzy work amid such fermentation of opinions as was continually going on in the general brain of the community. It was a kind of Bedlam for the time being; although out of the very thoughts that were wildest and most destructive, might grow a wisdom holy, calm, and pure, and that should incarnate itself with the substance of a noble and happy life. But, as matters now were, I felt myself (and, having a decided tendency towards the actual, I never liked to feel it), getting quite out of my reckoning with regard to the existing state of the world. I was beginning to lose the sense of what kind of a world it was, among innumerable schemes of what it might or ought to be. It was impossible, situated as we were, not to imbibe the idea that everything in nature and human existence was fluid, or fast becoming so; that the crust of the earth, in many places, was broken, and its whole surface portentously upheaving; that it was a day of crisis, and we ourselves were in the critical vortex. Our great globe floated in the atmosphere of infinite space like an unsubstantial bubble. *No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity, if he live exclusively among reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning into the settled system of things to correct himself by new observations from the old stand point.*"

We have devoted the larger portion of our space to the writings of Mr. Hawthorne, because we believe that he is altogether the most remarkable prose writer yet produced by America. His writings are highly condensed, which is more than can be said of nine-tenths of the American novelists, essayists, historians, or theologians; and they are admirably consecutive and well brought out, which is more than we can say of any but one or two individuals of the remaining tenth, who, like Ralph Waldo Emerson and Longfellow, are condensed, but ejaculatory and incapable of pursuing a thought or a story with logic and determination. He also writes pure English, which is what the Americans ought, just now, chiefly to look to, for, as we shall show, they are in danger of abusing their noble inheritance of a pure, sweet and powerful language, by an admixture of slang, flippancies, and false grammar, which will become a chronic and even an incurable disease, unless it is seasonably withstood and checked by writers like Mr. Hawthorne.

The great merits of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which of themselves, and apart from the ever new excitement of the subject of slavery, (in which connection it was referred to* in a former

* See North British Review, No. XXXV.—Art. "American Slavery."

number of this Journal,) have ensured a vast popularity, are so well appreciated that we need not speak of them at all, unless it be to declare, in a word, that we heartily subscribe to the popular verdict in their favor. We are reduced therefore to making the most of the one fault which strikes us in the perusal of this extraordinary book. We mean the style of its phraseology, which offers the happily most rare phenomenon of remarkable vulgarity of language in combination with remarkable purity and simplicity of thought. The "Times" newspaper, which has endeavored to make up for its unjust blame in one direction by praise and leniency as unjust in another, and has taken upon itself to pronounce the ridiculously false verdict that this is the finest novel ever written, excuses the innumerable sins of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by pretending to regard them as trifling and inevitable "Americanisms." We should be sorry, however, to think that false English is true American: and we know very well that many of our transatlantic brethren can write English, and speak it as well as ourselves; and that therefore the so called "Americanisms" of Mrs. Stowe are so denominated with no more justice than the peculiarities of the conversation of London shop-boys, or the slang of "fast men," could be entitled "Anglicisms." The interest of this work is so absorbing, that after the first few pages, even a well trained ear is apt to forget the constant recurrence of the sin in question. This of course, makes the effect of it a great deal worse than it would otherwise be. It is much the same with the immensely popular "Wide Wide World," and "Queechy" of Elizabeth Wetherell: and we do not think that we are overrating the evil under consideration when we affirm, that probably these two writers have already produced an appreciable effect in lowering the tone of phraseology in use among the lower portions of the middle classes of Britain. This is a serious thing; for integrity of thought and feeling are far more closely connected with purity of language than is commonly supposed. The two things act and react on one another very powerfully. Probably few of our readers are really sensible of the extent to which an un-English tone of conversation prevails in the work of Mrs. Stowe. As we think that this is a fault far greater than any mere defect of art, and only second to the evil of erroneous morality, we have been at the pains of going through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a view to exhibiting the defect in its true figure as affecting the conversation of every person introduced, and even the merely narrative language of Mrs. Stowe herself. To begin with Mrs. Shelby, one of the first characters introduced. She is described as being the wife of a gentleman, and herself "a woman of high class, both intellect-

ually and morally." This good lady has a manner of conveying her sentiments which clashes singularly on English ears, and leads one to suppose that, in spite of her "high intellectual culture," she was kept profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of Lindley Murray. From two or three short dialogues we select at random the following sentences:—

"Suppose we sell one of your farms, and pay up square?"

"But really, Eliza, you are getting altogether too proud of that little fellow. A man can't put his nose into the door, but you think he must be coming to buy him."

"Eliza came in, after dinner, in a great worry."

"Of course I knew you never meant to sell any of our people: least of all, to such a fellow."

"I do believe, Mr. Shelby, if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you!"

Her husband, who is in the first page of the book, contrasted with Haley, the slave-dealer, as a gentleman par excellence, expresses himself in such phrases as the following:—

"You," says I to him, "I trust you because you're a Christian: I know you wouldn't cheat. Tom comes back, sure enough—I knew he would. Some low fellows, they says to him, 'Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada.' 'Ah! master trusted me, and I couldn't.' They told me about it."

"I don't want to make my fortune on her."

"You'd best not let your business be known. It will not be a particularly quiet business, getting away any of my fellows, I promise you."

"I'd like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps. * * I know I shall have some fuss with wife about that."

"Why, wife, you're getting to be an abolitionist, quite."

"We men of the world must wink pretty hard at various things, and get used to a deal that isn't the exact thing."

George Shelby, the son and heir, who, we are told, is "a bright boy, and well trained by his mother," follows the example of his parents:—

"I'm getting mighty hungry."

"I says to him."

"Well, I mean to ask Tom here, some day next week, and you do your prettiest, and we'll make him stare. Won't we make him eat so he won't get over it for a fortnight?"

"Well, you made out well with that dinner."

"I tell you what, I blew 'em up well, all of 'em, at home."

"I'll be real good, Uncle Tom. I'm going to be a first-rater."

Early in the volume we are introduced to a member of the American Senate; here we may hope for some good speaking: from a short conversation between the Senator and

his wife, we select a few sentences: first let us hear Mr. Bird:—

"I thought I'd just make a run down and spend the night."

"I was scared at that time. Mother came at me, so that I thought she was crazy; and I was whipped and tumbled off to bed before I could get over wondering what was come about."

"I shall get into business bright and early in the morning; but I'm thinking I shall feel rather cheap there, after all that's been said and done; but, hang it, I can't help it."

Mrs. Bird, a sweet character, sweetly drawn, nevertheless offends one's ears by such expressions as these:—

"Is it true that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor colored folk that come along?"

"Nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for all your politics."

"It don't forbid us to shelter these poor creatures a-nights, does it?"

"It's always safest, all round, to do as God bids us."

"If folks want to keep their slaves from running away, let 'em treat 'em well."

Further on we are introduced to Mr. Wilton, "a good natured, but extremely fidgety and cautious old gentleman," who is kind to his slaves, and whom, from all we hear of him, we may suppose to be a man of education. Let us hear how he speaks: in return to a stranger's "How are you?" he replies, "Well, I reckon;" and goes on to talk through some pages in true Yankee style:

"Thank ye, it don't agree with me."

"Well, George, s'pose you're running away?"

"Blast 'em all, I always said so, the infernal old cusses!"

"Well, well; I s'pose, perhaps, I a'nt following my judgment—hang it, I won't follow my judgment."

"I'm perfectly dumb-founded at your boldness."

But the language of Mrs. Stowe seems quite refined if we compare it with that of Elizabeth Wetherell. The very considerable merits of this lady's writings render the peculiarities of her diction extremely to be regretted; and we are sorry to say that want of refinement is not confined to the language of her dramatic persons. "Queechy" is indeed, a book without a parallel, except in the "Wide Wide World;" and it is very high praise to say of it, as we can, that the natural refinement and beauty of some of the characters renders the book readable in spite of the surprising vulgarity of most of them. Unless we are very much mistaken in our inferences from her writings, this Authoress has spent her days in a quiet country life,—the happiest and best of all modes of life,

but one which is not the best preparation for the painter of fashionable manners. The country people, in the remarkable novel called "Queechy," are all true and forcible—coarse, but never vulgar; and had the characters been made of such persons, the work would have been unexceptionable. But when the Authoress attempts, as with the greatest confidence she does, to describe the best society of New York, Paris, and London, her failure is too great to be absurd; it is melancholy to behold the working of such a ruinous mistake. Had Dickens written many of this lady's "high-society" scenes, and introduced them as exposures of the vulgarities into which the lowest city shopkeepers and their wives and daughters fall by endeavoring to assume the *haut ton*, the satire would have been accepted as a masterpiece. We can scarcely give our readers any sufficient impression of this defect of an otherwise admirable book; for it is only by perusing scores of pages of such matter that we become fully sensible of its painfulness; we must not, however, leave so weighty a charge as that which we have now made wholly unsupported by proof. The extract which we are about to give, requires this much by way of preface:

Fleda, the heroine, is a sweet little country girl, who has made an impression upon the heart of a young Englishman of very high family and enormous wealth. Mrs. Evelyn, who has marriageable daughters, and, of course, thinks the Englishman a "catch," suspects his liking for little Fleda, who has the misfortune to be the guest of Mrs. Evelyn, at whose house Mr. Carleton, the "catch" is in the habit of paying daily visits. A Mr. Thorn is also smitten with Fleda; and Mrs. Evelyn, among other tricks, would make out to Mr. Carleton, that his rival has no bad chance of success. This Mrs. Evelyn and her daughters, be it remembered, are intended for persons of high fashion. Let us hear how this lady talks, feels, and behaves to her guest:—

"What do you keep bothering yourself with that for?" said Edith coming to Fleda's side.

"One must be doing something, you know," said Fleda, lightly."

"No, you musn't, when you're tired, and I know you are. I'd let Constance pick out her own work."

"I promised her I would do it," said Fleda.

"Well, you didn't promise when—Come, everybody's been out but you, and you have sat here over this the whole day. Why don't you come over there, and talk with the rest. I know you want to—for I've watched your mouth going."

"Going!—how?"

"Going off at the corners. I've seen it! Come."

But Fleda said she could listen and work at once, and would not "budge."

Seeing that Fleda would not "budge," the little girl left her, and asked Mr. Carleton to take her for a "ride," by which it appears she meant a "drive." Having consented, Mr. Carleton suggested that the carriage would hold three, and Edith requests Fleda to take the third place. Mr. Carleton himself seconds this proposal very earnestly; but Fleda having refused to accompany Mr. Thorn in a similar excursion that same day, is compelled to refuse. In answer, therefore, to Mr. Carleton's question, "Has that piece of canvas any claims upon you which cannot be put aside for a little?" she replies, "No, sir, but I am sorry I have a stronger reason that must keep me at home." — We proceed with our extract:—

"She knows how the weather looks," said Edith; "Mr. Thorn takes her out every other day. It's no use to talk to her, Mr. Carleton — when she says she won't, she won't."

"Every other day?" said Fleda.

"No, no," said Mrs. Evelyn coming up, and with that smile which Fleda had never liked so little as at that minute; "not *every other day*, Edith; what are you talking of? Go, and don't keep Mr. Carleton waiting."

"Fleda worked on, feeling a little aggrieved. Mr. Carleton stood still by her table watching her, while his companions were getting themselves ready; but he said no more, and Fleda did not raise her head till the party were off. Florence had taken her resigned place.

"I dare say the weather will be quite as fine to-morrow, dear Fleda," said Mrs. Evelyn, softly.

"I hope it will," said Fleda, in a tone of resolute simplicity.

"I hope it will not bring too great a throng of carriages to the door," Mrs. Evelyn went on in a tone of great internal amusement; "I never used to mind it, but I have lately a nervous fear of collision."

"To-morrow is not your reception day?" said Fleda.

"No, not mine," said Mrs. Evelyn, softly; "but that doesn't signify — it may be one of my neighbor's."

"Fleda pulled away at her threads of worsted, and wouldn't know anything else."

"I have read of the servants of Lot and the servants of Abraham quarrelling," Mrs. Evelyn went on, in an undertone of delight, "because the land was too strait for them. I should be very sorry to have anything of the sort happen again, for I cannot imagine where Lot would go to find a plain to suit."

"Lot and Abraham, Mamma," said Constance from the sofa, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"None of your business," said Mrs. Evelyn; "I was talking of some country friends of mine that you don't know."

Constance knew her mother's laugh very well; but Mrs. Evelyn was impenetrable.

The next day Fleda was dressing, assisted by Constance, when Mrs. Evelyn entered:

"My dear Fleda," said she, her face and voice

as full as possible of fun, "Mr. Carleton wants to know if you will come and ride with him this afternoon. I told him I believed you were in general shy of gentlemen who drove their own horses; that I thought I had noticed you were; but I would come up and see."

"Mrs. Evelyn! you didn't tell him that?"

"He said he was sorry to see you look rather pale yesterday, when he was asking you; and he is afraid that embroidery is not good for you. He thinks you are a very charming girl;" and Mrs. Evelyn went off into little fits of laughter that unstrung all Fleda's nerves. She stood absolutely trembling.

"Mamma, don't plague her," said Constance, "he didn't say so."

"He did, upon my word," said Mrs. Evelyn, speaking with great difficulty; "he said she was very charming, and it might be dangerous to see too much of her."

"You made him say that, Miss Evelyn," said Fleda, reproachfully.

"Well, I did ask him if you were not very charming; but he answered without hesitation," said the lady. "I am only so afraid that Lot will make his appearance."

Fleda turned round to the glass, and went on arranging her hair with a quivering lip.

"Lot, mamma!" said Constance, somewhat indignantly.

"Yes," said Miss Evelyn, in ecstasies; "because the land will not bear them both. But Mr. Carleton is very much in earnest for his answer. Fleda, my dear, what shall I tell him? You need be under no apprehensions about going; he will perhaps tell you that you are charming, but I don't think he will say anything more. You know he is a kind of patriarch; and laughed when I asked him if he didn't think it might — to some people; so you see, you are safe."

"Mrs. Evelyn, how could you use my name so?" said Fleda, with a voice that carried a good deal of reproach.

"My dear Fleda, shall I tell him you will go? You need not be afraid to go riding, only you must not let yourself be seen walking with him."

"I shall not go, ma'am," said Fleda, quietly.

"I wanted to send Edith with you, thinking it would be pleasanter; but I knew Mr. Carleton's carriage would hold but two, to-day; so what shall I tell him?"

"I am not going ma'am," repeated Fleda.

"But what shall I tell him? I must give him some reason. Shall I say that you think a sea-breeze is blowing, and you don't like it; or shall I say that *prospects* are a matter of indifference to you?"

Fleda was quite silent, and went on dressing herself with trembling fingers.

"My dear Fleda," said the lady, bringing her face a little into order, "won't you go? I am very sorry."

"So am I sorry," said Fleda. "I can't go, Mrs. Evelyn."

"I will tell Mr. Carleton you are very sorry," said Mrs. Evelyn, every line of her face drawing again, "that will console him, and let him hope that you will not mind the sea-breezes by and by, after you have been a little longer in the neigh-

borhood of them. I will tell him you are a good republican, and have an objection at present to an English equipage; but I have no doubt that is a prejudice that will wear off." She stopped to laugh, while Floda had the greatest difficulty not to cry. The lady did not seem to see her disturbed brow, but recovering herself after a little, though not readily, she bent forward, and bent her lips to it, in a kind fashion. Floda did not look up, and saying again, "I will tell him, dear Floda," Mrs. Evelyn left the room.

Elizabeth Wetherell, like Mrs. Stowe, is sincerely and powerfully Christian in her writings; but, unlike Mrs. Stowe, and like almost all other female writers of religious novels, the cause of Christianity often suffers, in her hands, from ill-judged and untimely displays of it. The novelist who, in professing to depict human life, dispenses altogether with Christian agency, is leaving Hamlet out of the play with a vengeance; but the opposite fault of violating the modesty of religious feeling, by an unseasonable foisting of it in the faces of those who do not comprehend it, is even worse than a merely negative neglect. It is the greatest immodesty that can be perpetrated. All modesty, if analyzed, proves to be nothing more than the reluctance of a pure heart to having its feelings bared to the gaze of an imperfect sympathy; and the higher and deeper the feeling, the greater the indecency and ruinous wrong of exposing it. It is the hearty sense of this which causes many noble and most earnest minds to fortify themselves against impertinent inspection, by a *chepaux de frise* of wit and amiable irony, whenever a matter they feel much about is approached in common conversation. It would be far better that there should be no occasion for such weapons; but there always will be, while so many persons, especially among women, so notably misapprehend the duty of being instant in and out of season in their recommendations of religion.

To an English reader, the effect of many portions of "Queechy" must be particularly ludicrous and painful in this regard. For example, Mr. Carleton, a man of ancient and noble family, is not only a methodist and theoretically a republican, which men of ancient and noble English families scarcely ever happen to be, but he carries his religion into the ball-room, and discourses of the one thing needful to his partner in the dance; which men of ancient and noble English families never do: for, in external behavior at least they are always gentlemen, and would always shun the ungente and unnecessary shock of heterogeneous elements.

We trust that the authoress of the "Wide Wide World" and of "Queechy" will take these remarks in good part, and as not implying any want of appreciation of the great merits of her writings. The heartiness and

sincerity with which she dwells upon and describes, in its minutest details, the farm-life in America are very delightful, and quite new in their way, which is wholly unsentimental and truly national. But the highest qualities of this lady's mind, as shown in her works, are, *first*, the heartiness of her religion, notwithstanding the mistakes we have noticed; and, *secondly*, the clear understanding, which, having once apprehended Christianity, not as a mere logical conclusion, but as a fact of experience and a living presence, is not for an instant to be puzzled by any seeming contradiction. This clear-sightedness, and the power of expressing it so as to impress others, is a very remarkable and unspeakably valuable quality of the American mind in matters of religion. Of all religious writers, the Americans are those who have the firmest footing upon this unassailable ground of personal experience and the actual facts of nature; and what our great Christian philosopher Butler (a name that will always be as dear to Christians, as repugnant to pseudo-philosophers) felt so powerfully, and expressed with so much difficulty and obscurity in his immortal "Analogy," seems to be an ordinary inheritance of the religious mind in America.

To Mr. Longfellow's "Hyperion" and "Kavanaugh," we regret that we cannot award the unqualified praise which many of his admirers think that they deserve. The faults which we lately exposed in this writer's verse are equally visible in his prose. In neither does the writer seem sincere in his dealings with nature. He cares rather to say "fine things" than true ones. Of course we do not mean that he is consciously insincere; but this desire to be "effective" and "striking," obscures his eye for the truth; and it is precisely when Mr. Longfellow imagines that he is saying his best things, that he is least worth attending to. He has a subtle power of observation, a very graceful fancy, and considerable general information, and these qualities, when the author by happy chance forgets himself, and lives in his subject, combine to produce some very pleasant "light reading," though, at best, there is an air of flippancy and sentimentality, which seems to be inseparable from his style. It would be difficult to justify this charge by any short extracts. The fault lies in the general tone rather than in any particular passages. The only extract we shall make from Mr. Longfellow's prose is one which we select for the merit of shrewdness, and for its bearing closely upon the subject of American literature in general. It is from the pleasing little novel called "Kavanaugh."

He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village, he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in

the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the coöperation of one already so favorably known to the literary-world, in a new magazine he was about to establish, in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want, or something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of another periodical as he proposed. After explaining, in rather a florid and exuberant manner, his plan and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

"I think, Mr. Churchill," said he, "that we want a national literature, commensurate with our mountains and rivers—commensurate with Niagara, the Alleghanies, and the great lakes?"

"Oh!"

"We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics, what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings—the largest in the world."

"Ah!"

"We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic national ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people."

"Of course."

"In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies."

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Churchill, "but excuse me; are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to literature. . . . A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain; nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better than another because he lives nearer Niagara."

"But, Mr. Churchill, you do not, surely, mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?"

"No, only to deny that it can create genius. At best it can only develop it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa."

"But, at all events," urged Mr. Hathaway, "let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing."

"On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal."

"But you admit nationality to be a good thing?"

"Yes, if not carried too far; still I confess it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.' Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and

modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English—are in fact, English under a different sky—I do not see how our literature can be different to theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England."

"Then you think our literature is never to be anything but an imitation of the English?"

"Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation."

"It seems to me that you take a very narrow view of the subject."

"On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task and our position. Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers."

"But I insist upon originality."

"Yes; but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air."

. . . I was about to say, also, that I thought our literature would, finally, not be wanting in a kind of universality."

* * * * *

"If that is your way of thinking," said the visitor, "you will like the work I am now engaged upon."

"What is it?"

"A great national drama, the scene of which is laid in New Mexico. It is called Don Serafin, or the Marquis of the Seven Churches. The principal characters are Don Serafin, an old Spanish hidalgo; his daughter, Descada; and Fra Serapion, the curate. The play opens with Fra Serapion at breakfast; on the table a game cock, tied by the leg, sharing his master's meal. Then follows a scene at the cock-pit, where the Marquis stakes the remnant of his fortune—his herds and hacienda—on a favorite cock, and loses."

"But what do you know about cock-fighting?" demanded rather than asked the astonished and half-laughing schoolmaster.

"I was not very well informed on that subject, and I was going to ask if you could not recommend some work."

"The only work I am acquainted with," replied Mr. Churchill, "is the Rev. Mr. Pegg's essay upon cock-fighting among the ancients; and I hardly see how you could apply that to the Mexicans."

"Why they are a kind of ancients, you know. I certainly will hunt up the essay you mention, and see what I can do with it."

* * * * *

"The subject is certainly very original, but it does not strike me as"—

"Prospective, you see," said Mr. Hathaway, with a penetrating look.

"Ah, yes; I perceive you fish with a heavy sinker—down far into the future—among posterity, as it were."

"You have seized the idea. Besides, I obviate your objection, by introducing an American circus company from the United States, which enables me to bring horses on the stage, and produce great scenic effect."

"That is a bold design. The critics will be out upon you without fail."

"Never fear that. I know the critics, root and branch—out and out—have summered and wintered with them—in fact, am one of them myself. Very good fellows are the critics; are they not?"

"Oh yes; only they have such a pleasant way of talking down upon authors."

"If they did not talk down upon them, they would show no superiority; and, of course, that would never do."

"Nor is it to be wondered at that authors are sometimes a little irritable. I often recall the poet in the Spanish fable, whose manuscripts were devoured by mice, till at length he put some corrosive sublimate into his ink, and was never troubled again.... And what do you mean to call this new magazine?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

"We mean to call it the "Niagara."

"Why that is the name of our fire-engine! why not call it the "Extinguisher?"

"That is also a good name; but I prefer the Niagara, as more national. And I hope, Mr. Churchill, you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every Number."

"Do you mean to pay your contributors?"

"Not the first year, I am sorry to say; but after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely—and of course it will succeed, for we mean it shall, and we never say fail. There is no such word in our dictionary. Before the year is out, we mean to print 50,000 copies; and 50,000 copies will give us at least 150,000 readers; and, with such an audience, any author might be satisfied."

In concluding this hasty notice, we must congratulate our brothers upon the very decided and really, because unconsciously, independent ground they have taken of late in fictional literature. The works which we have now noticed, with many others whose merits we have not been able, through want of space to consider, are far more in their promise than in their performance, though that is by no means trifling. We can scarcely hope too much from the writers of America, if they will only be careful to remember that their language is, or ought to be, *English*.

THE TREE OF TEN THOUSAND IMAGES.—It is called Kounboum, from two Thibetian words, signifying Ten Thousand Images, and having allusion to the tree which, according to the legend, sprang from Tsong-Kaba's hair, and bears a Thibetian character on each of its leaves. It will here be naturally expected that we say something about this tree itself. Does it exist? Have we seen it? Has it any peculiar attributes? What about its marvellous leaves? All these questions our readers are entitled to put to us. We will endeavor to answer as categorically as possible: Yes, this tree does exist, and we had heard of it too often during our journey not to feel somewhat eager to visit it. At the foot of the mountain on which the Lamasery stands, and not far from the principal Buddhist temple, is a great square enclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this, we were able to examine at leisure the marvellous tree, some of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall. Our eyes were first directed, with earnest curiosity, to the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Thibetian characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the Lamas; but, after a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves; the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of

the tree and its branches, which resemble that of the plane-tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of old bark, the young bark under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state; and, what is very singular, these new characters are not unfrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort, and the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created. More profound intellects than ours may, perhaps, be able to supply a satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of this singular tree; but as to us, we altogether give it up. Our readers possibly may smile at our ignorance; but we care not, so that the sincerity and truth of our statement be not suspected. The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images seemed to us of great age. Its trunk, which three men could scarcely embrace with outstretched arms, is not more than eight feet high; the branches, instead of shooting up, spread out in the shape of a plume of feathers, and are extremely bushy; few of them are dead. The leaves are always green; and the wood, which is of a reddish tint, has an exquisite odor, something like that of cinnamon. The Lamas informed us that in summer, towards the eighth moon, the tree produces large red flowers of an extremely beautiful character. They informed us, also, that there nowhere exists another such tree; that many attempts have been made in various Lamaseries of Tartary and Thibet to propagate it by seeds and cuttings, but that all these attempts have been fruitless.—*Huc's Travels in Tartary and Thibet.*

From the North British Review.

John de Wycliffe, D. D.: A Monograph. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London, 1853.

THERE is no more interesting form of literary exercise than that which, under the name of Monograph, has recently become common amongst us. In these days of superabundant authorship, abstract disquisitions have not the best chance of being read, and even formal biographies of the old stamp are apt to prove wearisome. The Monograph meets this emergency. It is a kind of compromise between the regular biography and the historical or philosophical essay. In the regular biography the attention is fastened from first to last on the life of the individual who is the subject of the memoir, and the interest is supposed to lie in the actions and experiences of this individual as constituting a story in themselves. In the Monograph, on the other hand, the motive of the author may be, either a preconceived interest in the individual for his own sake, or an interest in certain ideas, and views which may be conveniently expounded in connection with the life of the individual, or an interest in the general history of the age to which the individual belonged. In any case, he allows himself larger scope, assumes more of the didactic or expository spirit, and narrates facts chiefly with a view to the interpretations which may be made to flow from them. One of the advantages of this form of literary production is that it may be of any length. It may be restricted to the limits of a lecture or a review article, as in the biographic papers of Macaulay, the lectures of Emerson on Representative Men, and the hundreds of similar essays and sketches which are perpetually streaming from the press; or it may swell out to the orthodox limits of a biography, as exemplified in some of the works of Neander and other writers of note.

Very conspicuous among larger literary efforts of this kind is Dr. Vaughan's *Life of Wycliffe*. It is, as most of our readers must be aware, no hasty production got up to satisfy an immediate demand of the market. It is nearly a quarter of a century since Dr. Vaughan, then a very young man, gave to the world, as the fruit of much labor and research, a work which has ever since been regarded by all competent authorities, both at home and on the Continent, as the only thorough and satisfactory account of the life and opinions of the English Proto-Reformer. Even then he must have possessed that most essential of qualifications in a biographer — strong and enthusiastic sympathy with the man whose life he had undertaken to write. Nothing less than a real personal affection for Wycliffe, and a conviction of the value and permanence of much that Wycliffe taught, could have prompted a young

writer to go so far out of the beaten and easy track of authorship, and to impose upon himself, as the condition of literary distinction, the toil of so much severe and original research as was required for the correct delineation of a man of the fourteenth century. Even this qualification, however, would seem to have grown in the author since he first aspired to supply the English public with what till then had been a desideratum — a complete and accurate life of Wycliffe. Years and continued activity in very various departments have since raised Dr. Vaughan to the place he holds in the public eye as one of the chiefs and ornaments of English Dissent, and one of the most liberal Christian thinkers, and effective Christian writers of the time. Now, though his activity during these years must necessarily have swelled out his mind beyond its dimensions at the time when the character of Wycliffe first caught his regards and occupied his pen, and though, as all know, he has since been engaged in many a controversy and many a speculation such as Wycliffe and the fourteenth century never dreamed of, yet whoever knows anything of Dr. Vaughan must know that, by reason of some of his own leading tendencies and convictions in social and ecclesiastical matters, he is the very man to be still attracted to Wycliffe as a biographer ought to be, and to evolve from the story of his life its full modern meaning. He seems himself to have felt this, and to have been loth to risk the alienation of a subject which he had already, as it were, made his own property. Accordingly returning to it with all that enlargement of view and increased experience in literary art which he has acquired since he first dealt with it, he has superseded his former by the present work, in which the old materials have been wholly recast, and the entire story of Wycliffe's life carefully rewritten. We congratulate him and the public on so successful a performance. The work as it is now put forth, is in the form of a single small quarto volume, handsomely and massively bound in a sombre antique style, beautifully printed, and illustrated with engravings. Corresponding with this exterior are the contents, which we would characterize as exhibiting a rare combination of the solid with the artistic. In the former work there was abundant evidence that the author had spared no pains in making himself acquainted with all the necessary materials, and in building these materials together into a substantial piece of English ecclesiastical history. This merit of solidity, of conscientious labor spent in thoroughly overcoming the difficulties of his task, will still attract the notice of the reader; but the author has succeeded, in this new performance, in imparting a charm of color and picturesqueness which renders the whole work more light, and capable of producing a

stronger impression upon the imagination. Keeping his eye steadily on Wycliffe, and tracing the development of his opinions through his writings, he shews his mastery of the most approved method of modern biographic art by introducing sketches of contemporary English scenes and manners, and in weaving into the narrative whatever either of anecdote or of comment may help to paint the portrait of Wycliffe more distinctly against the entire background of his age. The style of the volume is admirable—easy and flowing, at the same time that it is masculine and nervous; and there are not a few passages of beautiful descriptive writing, as well as of eloquent moral appeal. In short, considering the difficult nature of the subject, the work may rank as perhaps the most successful of professed historical monographs in the language. The limning is occasionally a little faint and uncertain; but this is to be accepted as an honest indication of the obscurity of objects when seen at so great a distance in the past. To make the lines too certain in such a case might often be to paint falsely.

John de Wycliffe was born in 1324, in the parish of Wycliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire; and was probably a member of the family of the Wycliffes, who then were, and continued till 1606 to be, the chief proprietors of land in the parish. After receiving the rudiments of his education either at home or at some conventual school near, he removed in 1340 to Oxford, which from that time became the chief scene of his studies and labors. Here, as one of some ten thousand students then assembled there, he distinguished himself first in Queen's and afterwards in Merton College, of which he became a fellow. Nothing more is authentically known of Wycliffe till 1361, when, being then a priest and thirty-seven years of age, he obtained, almost contemporaneously, two preferments—the living of Fylingham in the diocese of Lincoln, and the mastership and wardenship of Balliol College. Four years later, or in 1365, he was transferred from the wardenship of Balliol to that of Canterbury Hall, a priest named Wodehall, then holding the office, having been deprived of it by Islep, Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder of the Hall. On Islep's death, however, in the following year, his successor, Archbishop Langham, declared Wycliffe's appointment null, and restored Wodehall; against which decision Wycliffe appealed to the Pope. The cause did not come to an end till 1370, when it was given against Wycliffe—a circumstance to which the more low-minded of his Catholic critics have not failed to attribute his subsequent hostility to the Papacy. But as Dr. Vaughan shows, Wycliffe had begun to be known for what he was, even while his cause at the Papal Court was pending.

Obviously from his position in the University, a man eminent for his acquirements in all the scholastic learning and dialectics of his age,—a fact which is moreover, expressly testified by his enemy, the old historian Knighton,—Wycliffe seems from the first to have been recognized as one of the leading minds in what may be called the liberal or anti-Papal party among the Oxford Churchmen of that day. Nothing will be more surprising to many of Dr. Vaughan's readers than the evidence which he adduces of the existence in England, in the fourteenth century, of a strong and wide-spread feeling of dissent from the claims and practices of the Church of Rome. There were the elements at that time in England, it might almost be said, of a protestanism, in some respects more radical and thoroughgoing than that which, two centuries later, became the basis of the Church of England. Much of this early Anglican Protestantism was, doubtless, the creation of Wycliffe; but much of it preceded him and served him as a vantage-ground. There were two points, in particular, on which the current of English opinion was at that time adverse to the policy of the Romish Church.

Every student of the middle ages knows who and what were the mendicant Friars. They date their origin from the thirteenth century, when certain religious enthusiasts of the Continent, groaning under the corruptions of the Church, and the laziness even of the monkish orders, conceived the idea of founding new religious fraternities who should as far surpass the monks in devotion, as the monks had originally surpassed the ordinary secular or parish clergy. Hence arose the orders of the Friars, which were in process of time consolidated into four,—the Dominicans or Black Friars; the Franciscans or Grey Friars, called also Cordeliers; the Carmelites or White Friars; and the Augustines, who, as well as the Franciscans, bore the name of Grey Friars. The rules of these four orders differed in some respects; but all of them had this in common, that while, like the monks, they came under vows of celibacy and poverty, they were not to shut themselves up in monkish seclusion, but were to roam abroad as itinerant preachers, living on alms which they were to beg from the people. From the very first these itinerant orders found favor with the Popes, from whom they obtained license to preach, and to perform all other priestly offices without being liable to the jurisdiction of the bishops or other ordinary clerical dignitaries, whose dioceses or parishes they might invade. In short, they were religious Voluntaries, professing Romanism in its most intense form. With such enthusiasm did they set out, and so popular were they at first, that in a short space of

time they overspread all Europe, and so monopolized the ministry of religion in every Catholic country as to cast the ordinary parish clergy into the shade. For a time, as Dr. Vaughan points out, they were the instruments of a really good work—their ardor, and, above all, their assiduity in preaching to the people, communicating life and impulse when it was much needed. Latterly, however, they became a pest and nuisance almost everywhere. The fine theoretical Voluntarism with which they began, and according to which they were to have no income except the voluntary offerings of the people given in exchange for their services as preachers of the Gospel, degenerated into little better than a craft of so managing the people by their demeanor and their services as to raise the amount of the supplies. Chaucer's picture of the *Frere* or Friar-Limitour, (i. e., licensed to beg within a particular district,) conveys the popular impression regarding the gentry at the time in question:—

"A Friar there was, a wanton, and a merry,
A Limitour, a full solempne man.
In all the orders four is none that can
So much of dalliance and fair language.
He had ymade full many a marriage
Of younge women at his owen cost.
Until his order he was a noble post.
Full well beloved, and familiér was he
With frankleins over all in his countrée,
And eke with worthy women of the town;
For he had power of confessioun
As said himselfe more than a curate,
For of his order he was licencié.
Full sweetly herdé he confessione,
And pleasant was his absolution.
He was an easy man to give penance,
There as he wist to han a good pittance;
For unto a poor order for to give
To signé that a man is well yshrive.

* * * * *
And, over all, there as profit should arise
Courteous he was and lowly of servise.
There n'as no man nowhere so vertuous.
He was the besté beggar in all his house;
And gave a certain farm for the grant.
None of his brethéren came in his haunt;
For though a widow haddé but a shoe,
So pleasant was his *In principio*,
Yet would he have a farthing ere he went."

In short, if this portrait is correct, the great accomplishment of the Friars was the art of religious begging. Forbidden by their vows to possess land, they had yet ample use for money in providing for their own wants, and building fine churches; and hence money-getting became their chief aim. To this end, the satirists of the time said, the drift of most of their sermons was to inculcate the duty of *giving*; to this end, also, they studied the means of being agreeable, letting ecclesiasti-

cal culprits off far more easily than the parish priest would, and admitting to the sacraments and other ordinances of religion persons of notoriously bad reputation. The sale of pardons from Rome was also one of their means of money-making. Now all this was extremely distasteful to a large portion of the English clergy. There were some, indeed, and these chiefly the more vehement Romanists among the higher clergy, who looked with favor on the Mendicant Friars, and regarded them as a class of functionaries essential to the interests of the Church; but many others, and probably the majority of the secular clergy, complained bitterly of the mischief they were doing by leading away the people from their proper pastors and interfering with the ordinary course of ecclesiastical discipline.

Far more important, however, than this division of national sentiment in the matter of the Begging Friars, was the difference of opinion on another point,—the relative rights of the Papacy and the Crown within the realm of England. Since the great struggle between Pope Gregory VII. and the Emperor Henry IV., the question as to the relative rights of the Popes and the civil potentates of different countries, had been the one question which agitated all Europe. The form which this controversy between the spiritual and the temporal power had assumed on the part of the Church, is thus succinctly described by Dr. Vaughan:—

"It was demanded that clergymen who became offenders against the laws of society should not be amenable to the civil authority, in the manner of other criminals, but that they should be tried by ecclesiastical judges; that the Crown should abstain from any meddling with the property of the Church, the same being sacred and wholly beyond the province of the magistrate, except to protect it from injury; that, in the election of prelates, the collation to benefices, and the government of the Universities, deference should be shown, according to usage, to the successors of St. Peter, as the centre of ecclesiastical unity; and, in case of obstinate disobedience to the will of the representative of the Prince of the Apostles, the Pontiff could declare crowns a forfeiture,—could absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance; and, to enforce such decisions, could lay provinces and nations under an interdict,—a sentence which left all conditions of people without the consolations of religion, by causing the churches to be closed, and the functions of the priesthood to be suspended."

Such were the claims of Papacy as systemized by Gregory VII. and his successors, and applied with more or less strictness to all the nations of Christendom. It was the instinct of kings and of civil magistrates to deny these claims and to struggle against them. The Nor-

man kings of England had generally been pretty peremptory in their dealings with the Popes; but John, that silliest of them all, had, among the other mischiefs of his reign, entangled the whole question of the relations of England to the Papacy, by consenting to hold the crown as a direct fief of the Roman see, and pay an annual tribute for the same of a thousand marks. This miserable bargain was repudiated at the time by the English barons; but, for one reason or another, the tribute continued to be occasionally paid in subsequent reigns. Edward III.—a monarch in whose splendid reign the English nation was first consolidated, and the English tongue first formed—discontinued the tribute as soon as he became of age; and from that time the Popes were obliged to be content with the same general authority over England which they wielded over all the nations. In the year 1365, however, or at the very time when Wycliffe was appointed to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, Pope Urban V., anxious in a small way to repeat the great game of his predecessors, the Gregorys, the Innocents, and the Bonifaces, revived the Papal claim of supremacy over England, and demanded the arrears of tribute due from the English crown to the Papal see. Never was such a demand made at a more unsuitable moment. On the one hand, England was at the height and in the full pride of her national puissance. Thirty-eight years of the able rule of Edward, illustrated by his magnificent conquests in France, and the victories of Crecy and Poitiers, had enlarged the power of England without, and had developed the thew and courage of her people within, till they could ill brook the very semblance of insult. On the other hand, it was the hour of the weakness of the Papacy. The so-called *Babylonish Captivity*, during which the Popes, exiled from Rome and Italy, held their court at Avignon in France, where they were virtually the puppets of French policy, had already lasted sixty years; and Urban V. was the sixth of those seven Pontiffs, all of French birth, in whose hands the keys of St. Peter dangled so languidly during this period of estrangement and degradation. Indeed, it was rather as a Frenchman doing spite to the conqueror of his country, than as a Pope zealous for the rights of Papacy, that Urban advanced his claim. In England, however, the claim was received and discussed as a claim of the Popes as such. The answer was immediate and decisive. Parliament met—(that was a time of Parliaments, for in a reign of fifty years Edward summoned no fewer than seventy.)—deliberated one day, chiefly that the prelates might make up their minds on the subject, and then declared unanimously that neither John nor any other king had a right to subject the realm of England to any foreign authority whatever, that

any bargain of that sort was null from the first, and that, if the Pope were to go on with his claim, all the resources of the nation would be at the disposal of the crown.

So, as far as public action was concerned, the matter terminated. But though the heart of the nation was sound, and even the prelates were constrained by circumstances to be unanimous in their defence of the crown on this particular occasion, there was a strong leaven of Ultramontanism in English opinion, which found other ways of making its appearance. Though not such extreme partizans of the Papacy as the friars, many of the secular and monastic clergy were yet on the side of the Popes on a number of questions then in process of agitation. One of these questions regarded the right of nomination to vacant bishoprics, a right which had been largely usurped by the Popes. Again, there was the question of First-fruits, or of the right of the prelates, in virtue of the Papal sanction, to exact from persons newly appointed to benefices, a sum equal to the first year's income. The powers and privileges of the Papal legates were also a subject of controversy. Lastly, there had grown up an agitation on the subject of the appointment of ecclesiastics to civil posts and places, the laity generally desiring a change in this respect, while the more powerful clergy naturally clung to a practice so favorable to the worldly interests of their order. Now all these questions added together made up a ground of controversy amply sufficient for the appearance of two parties—a Romanist or Ultramontane party, whose tendencies on the whole accorded with those of the Papacy; and a Liberal or Reforming party, vaguely borne in the direction of an ideal Church of the future, more suitable to be the Church of a free nation.

The right notion, then, to start with about Wycliffe is that he was from the very first one of the chiefs of this Liberal or Reforming party in the English Church. Oxford was the centre of the controversy, and Wycliffe was one of the men of greatest note in the Liberal party at Oxford. Indeed, till about his fiftieth year, so far as we have any authentic record, Wycliffe did not stand forth in the public eye of England as anything more than this. His only important publications up till this time seem to have been a pamphlet against the Mendicant Friars, in which, in a style of remarkably hard hitting, he adduces fifty separate heads of impeachment against them; and a paper on the side of the Crown and Parliament in the question of the Papal tribute. In these writings, indeed, an acute observer might have discerned the germs of peculiar views, both theological and political; but, so far as their main purport was concerned, they might have been written by any other clergyman of

the Liberal party. The development of Wycliffe's more original and peculiar opinions belonged, therefore, to the later period of his life.

In 1368, Wycliffe had exchanged his living of Fylingham for that of Lutgershall in the same diocese, a living of inferior value, but convenient as being nearer to Oxford. More important in connection with his intellectual history was the opening of his course of Divinity Lectures in Oxford in 1372. It has been usual to represent him as having been appointed Professor of Divinity in that year; but the fact is that there was then at Oxford no formal professorship, in the modern sense, either of Divinity or of anything else, and that any Doctor of Divinity was qualified, in virtue of his degree, to open a class for the teaching of theology. It seems to have been during the first years of Wycliffe's career as a theological lecturer that he began to form and express those views which afterwards constituted his principal theological heresies. In order to indicate, as nearly as possible, the tenor and substance of his theological lectures, Dr. Vaughan gives an elaborate analysis of the *Dialogus*, one of the Latin treatises of Wycliffe, "to which both his enemies and his friends appealed most frequently, after his decease, as being the great depository of his opinions." In this *Dialogus*, which is a kind of continuous scholastic discussion carried on by three imaginary personages, denominated Aletheia, Pseudis, and Phronesis, views are occasionally broached which, as Dr. Vaughan says, must have been somewhat startling to the audience who heard them spoken, perhaps in more emphatic words, by the author's own mouth. One or two passages, as translated by Dr. Vaughan, may serve as examples of the incidental *spurts* of novelty and heresy that must have enlivened the course of the lectures.

Liberty of Conscience. "Christ wished His law to be observed willingly, freely, that in such obedience men might find happiness. Hence he appointed no civil punishment to be inflicted on transgressors of his commandments, but left the persons neglecting them to a suffering more severe, that would come after the day of judgment."

Sins Venial and Mortal. "Priests, who know better how to extort money for sins than how to cleanse any man from them, or how to distinguish between the mortal and the venial, about which they babble so much."

Saints' Festivals. "If there be any celebration in honor of the saints which is not kept within these limits, it is not to be doubted that cupidity or some other evil cause, has given rise to such services. Hence not a few think it would be well for the Church if all festivals of that nature were abolished, and those only retained which have respect immediately to Christ. . . . The Scriptures assure us that Christ is the Me-

diator between God and man. Hence many are of opinion that when prayer was directed only to the middle person of the Trinity for spiritual help, the Church was more flourishing and made greater advances than it does now, when so many new intercessors have been found out and introduced."

Scripture Tradition and Papal Authority. "Inasmuch as it is the will of the Holy Spirit that our attention should not be dispersed over a large number of objects, but concentrated on one sufficient source of instruction, it is His pleasure that the books of the Old and New Law should be read and studied; and that men should not be taken up with other books, which, true as they may be, and containing even Scripture truth, as they may by implication, are not to be confided in without caution and limitation. Hence Augustine often enjoins it on his readers, not to place any faith in his word or writings, except in so far as they have their foundation in Scripture, wherein, as he often says, is contained all truth, either directly or by implication. Of course, we should judge in this manner concerning the writings of other holy doctors, and much more concerning the writings of the Roman Church, and of her doctors in these later times. If we follow this rule, the Scriptures will be held in becoming reverence. The Papal bulls will be superseded, as they ought to be. The veneration of men for the laws of the Papacy, as well as for the opinions of our modern doctors, which, since the loosing of Satan, they have been so free to promulgate, will be restrained within due limits. What concern have the faithful with writings of this sort, except as they are honestly deduced from the fountain of Scripture?"

Plenty of Work for Christ's Soldiers. "The believer in maintaining the law of Christ, should be prepared, as his soldier, to endure all things at the hands of the satraps of this world, declaring boldly to Pope and Cardinals, to Bishops and Prelates, how unjustly, according to the teachings of the Gospel, they serve God in their offices, subjecting those committed to their care to great injury and peril, such as must bring on them a speedy destruction in one way or another. All this applies, indeed, to temporal lords, but not in so great a degree as to the clergy; for, as the abomination of desolation begins with a perverted clergy, so the consolation begins with a converted clergy. Hence we Christians need not visit Pagans in order to endure martyrdom by converting them; we have only to declare with constancy the law of God before Cæsarian prelates, and straightway the flower of martyrdom will be at hand."

Somewhat bold and wholesome thinking all this, as Dr. Vaughan says, to find ventilation in Oxford in 1372 and some years subsequent. We have only to imagine these casual *spurts* in their proper places in a course of dogmatic theology, and to fancy such views expounded more fully in their mutual connection, and with all the circumstance proper to the dialectic method of the time, and we shall see that Dr. Wycliffe, about the fiftieth year of his age, must have felt that he had broken loose at

many points from the ordinary faith of the Romish Church, and also that the fact that he had done so had become pretty generally known. But, though already "a black sheep," he stood too high not only in the University, but also in the favor of men of mark and influence, to be as yet openly taken to task. He was even selected by the King and his ministers for a difficult and delicate mission, for which he was believed to be peculiarly qualified. The King and Parliament were still at variance with the Avignon Popes on certain points incidental to the old controversy, and particularly on the subject of the Papal "provisions," or appointments to benefices, and interference with the fruits of benefices, within the English kingdom. One embassy, consisting of two clerical and two lay commissioners, had been sent to Avignon in 1373, to remonstrate with Gregory XI. and his advisers; and in 1374, a second embassy of this kind was resolved on. Wycliffe was one of this second embassy, his fellow-commissioner being Gilbert, Bishop of Bangor. It was not to Avignon, however, but to Bruges, that the commissioners repaired to conduct their negotiations, Papal envoys being sent to that city to meet them. Another commission, consisting of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Salisbury, and Sudbury, Bishop of London, was at the same time sent to Bruges to treat with the French ambassadors on affairs relating to the two nations. The members of the two commissions were naturally thrown much together; and from this period, if not from an earlier, must date the friendly connection between Wycliffe and the Duke of Lancaster, then, in consequence of the advanced age of his father, Edward III., and the declining health of his brother, the Black Prince, the most active and powerful man in the English court.

On his return from his diplomatic mission, the result of which was a partial concession by the Pope of the points in dispute, Wycliffe received, by way of royal reward for his services, two new ecclesiastical preferments — the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury in Worcestershire, and the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. Had matters in England continued on in the train in which they then were, it is probable that still higher places in the Church would have been in reserve for Wycliffe. The Parliament of 1376, known by the name of "The Good Parliament," entered with heart and soul into the vexed question of the Papal encroachments. The Commons prepared a petition praying for ecclesiastical reform, in which they accumulated some startling statistics, and used no measured language of complaint — averring, for example, that "the taxes paid out of England to the Court of Rome were five times larger in amount than all that was paid to the King out of the whole produce

of the realm;" that "cardinals and other aliens remaining at the Court of Rome had the best dignities in England, and had sent over to them yearly twenty thousand marks over and above that which English brokers had for themselves;" that "the Pope, to ransom Frenchmen, the King's enemies, who defend Lombardy for him, did also at his pleasure levy a subsidy from the whole clergy of England;" that, that very year, the "Pope's collector had taken to his use the first-fruits of all benefices;" and that, owing to the simoniacal dealings of the Pope, and of the lay-patrons, influenced by his example, "many catiffs altogether unlearned and unworthy," "aliens and enemies," mere "brutes," "worse than Jews or Saracens," were appointed pastors of English parishes. The petition demands, as the only radical cure of the evil, that a law be passed that "*no Papal collector or proctor should remain in England upon pain of life and limb, and that no Englishman, on the like pain, should become such collector or proctor, or remain at the Court of Rome.*"

All this shows that, so far at least as his views respecting Church-polity were concerned, Wycliffe was a man likely at this time to be in popular favor rather than otherwise. It is somewhat difficult, therefore, to understand how it came about that, at the beginning of the very next session of Parliament, he was summoned by the Houses of Convocation then assembled in St. Paul's, London, to appear before them and answer to a charge of heresy. The probability is, that the more conservative of the clergy resolved on this prosecution of Dr. Wycliffe for alleged unsoundness of doctrine, as a better counteractive to the progress of the Church-reform movement than any open attack upon him as a leader of that movement, and that they calculated that Wycliffe's known connection with the Duke of Lancaster, who was then unpopular for political reasons, would deprive him of such public sympathy as he might otherwise have had. At all events, the Professor of Theology at Oxford, found himself summoned to appear before his brethren and ecclesiastical superiors to give an account of his opinions and teaching. What followed is thus graphically related by Dr. Vaughan:—

The Duke of Lancaster was not left in ignorance of the proceedings in relation to Wycliffe. Communications, it appears, took place between him and the reformer. On his arrival in London, Wycliffe is encouraged, both by the Duke and by Lord Percy, Earl Marshal, to meet his enemies without dismay. These noblemen, indeed, promise to accompany him in person. On the morning of the 19th of February 1377, you see the priests, the dignitaries, and the prelates, who are to constitute the two houses of this clerical parliament, streaming along the narrow

passes that lead to St. Paul's. What is afoot is somewhat noised abroad; and you see the dependents of these great ones, and others of the populace of London, crowding into the sacred building. The edifice itself is large—larger than the structure which now lifts its head so high on the same site, and is in the old massive style of Norman architecture. The space open around it is also large, if we bear in mind that it stands in the midst of a city within whose contracted walls ingenuity in the way of package has been tasked to the uttermost. Soon after the prelates have taken their seats, a noise is heard at the entrance. It approaches nearer, until, amidst much disorder and hubbub, a way is opened through the crowd immediately in front of the assembled clergy—and the man John de Wycliffe, of whom enough had been heard, but whom few there present had seen, stands in their midst, and with a presence of his own which bids fair to be a match for any presence. There you can imagine him—a man rising somewhere above the middle stature. His right hand is raised in the clutch of his tall white staff. His clothing consists of a dark simple robe, belted about the waist, and dropping in folds, from the shoulders to the waist, and from the waist to the feet; while above that gray and flowing beard, you see a set of features which speak throughout of nobleness, and which a man might do well to travel far even to look upon. Behind him you see his servant, bearing his books and papers, especially the book above all books,—ammunition for the battle, if there is to be a field-day. On his one hand, is John of Gaunt, eldest son of the King; on the other, Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England. These were bold men all. But Courtney, the presiding bishop, was also a bold man. He rose in high displeasure, and was the first to speak, when, according to our authority, the following altercation ensued:—

"Bishop Courtney. Lord Percy, if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the Church, I would have stopped you out from coming hither."

"Duke of Lancaster. He shall keep such masteries, though you say nay."

"Lord Percy. Wycliffe, sit down, for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat."

"Bishop Courtney. It is unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary should sit down during his answer. He must and shall stand."

"Duke of Lancaster. Lord Percy's motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable. And as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England."

"Bishop Courtney. Do your worst, sir."

"Duke of Lancaster. Thou bearest thyself so brag upon thy parents [his father was Hugh Courtney, Earl of Devonshire] which shall not be able to keep thee; they shall have enough to do to help themselves."

"Bishop Courtney. My confidence is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth."

"Duke of Lancaster. Rather than I will take

these words at his hands, I will pluck the Bishop by the hair out of the Church."

This last expression, as the words indicate, was not addressed to the Bishop; it was said in an undertone to Lord Percy, but sufficiently loud to be heard by the people near, who, for the most part, took side with the Bishop; and such was the scene of excitement and confusion that followed, that the meeting dissolved, and Wycliffe, who had been a silent witness to this "pretty quarrel," retired under the protection of his powerful friends.

This somewhat abrupt closing of the convocation, by what was little better than a "row" at the commencement of the proceedings, was probably as good a thing as could have happened for Wycliffe at the time, though he was, doubtless, a little ashamed of the manner in which his patrons had behaved; but it prevents us from knowing what the actual charges were that would have been brought against him by the prelates. It was not long, however, before he and his adversaries were again brought together. Primed, doubtless, with informations from England, the Papal court itself, then just re-transferred to Rome by Gregory XI., had taken up the prosecution, and inscribed Wycliffe's name on its black books, as that of a man to be hunted down by the whole force of the Church. Towards the close of the year 1377, no fewer than five Papal bulls reached England, all directed against Wycliffe and his heresies—three to the Archbishop of Canterbury, one to the king, and one to the University of Oxford. The result, after some little delay, was that Wycliffe was summoned to appear before a synod of the clergy to be held at Lambeth in April, 1378. Meanwhile there had been a change in the state of public affairs. The old king was dead, and his young successor, Richard II., sat on the throne. The Duke of Lancaster, though still powerful, no longer ruled the cabinet; and, though the Commons bravely continued the fight against the Papal encroachments, the clerical party had, on the whole, gained strength. On the other hand, the people, and especially the Londoners, were more enthusiastically than ever on the side of the reformer, who had also many friends at Court and in the Universities.

As the convocation at St. Paul's had been brought to a sudden close by the hot-headed zeal of the Duke of Lancaster, so the synod at Lambeth was paralyzed, though in a more discreet manner, by a message from the queen-mother, delivered by Sir Lewis Clifford, positively prohibiting the bishops from pronouncing any definite sentence on Wycliffe or his doctrines. This interference probably prevented a riot in the reformer's behalf, as the populace had forced their way into the place of meeting. Some work was,

however, done. Wycliffe was furnished with a paper in which his alleged errors and heresies were enumerated; and to this paper he furnished written answers. From the nature of these answers it is to be inferred that the head and front of his offending at this time consisted in certain extreme opinions which he was supposed to hold as to the right of the Church to civil property and dominion, and generally as to the relations of Church and State. Of eighteen "conclusions" which he avowed himself as holding and signified his willingness to "defend even unto death," according to "the sense of the Scriptures and the holy doctors," Dr. Vaughan cites the first three and the last three. They are as follows:—

1. All mankind, since Christ's coming, have not power, simply or absolutely, to ordain that Peter and all his successors should rule over the world politically for ever.

2. God cannot give civil dominion to any man for himself and his heirs forever.

3. Charters of human invention concerning civil inheritance forever are impossible.

16. It is lawful for kings, in cases limited by law, to take away temporalities from churchmen who habitually abuse them.

17. If the Pope, or temporal lords, or any others, shall have endowed the church with temporalities, it is lawful for them to take them away in certain cases; viz., when the doing so is by way of medicine to cure or prevent sins—and that, notwithstanding excommunication, or any other church censure, since these donations were not given but with a condition implied.

18. An ecclesiastic, even the Pope of Rome himself, may, on some accounts, be corrected by his subjects, and, for the benefit of the Church, be impeached by both clergy and laity.

The first three of these propositions are somewhat hazy as they stand, and it would require a separate dissertation to convey a clear impression of the peculiar Wycliffian doctrine which is certainly wrapped up in them, and in many other passages of Wycliffe's writings; the last three, however, are, as Dr. Vaughan says, distinct enough, and must have roused up the pugnacity of many of the bishops and priests assembled at Lambeth. But, being debarred from any stronger form of condemnation, they were content with forbidding the "conclusions" which had been the subject of discussion, from being taught any more either in the pulpit or in the schools.

Wycliffe returned to Oxford a branded heretic. As was natural, his attitude became more and more aggressive. Both in his chair at Oxford, and in his pulpit in Lutterworth, he vindicated and reiterated the condemned "conclusions," with other heresies more purely theological. In the years 1379 and 1380, he

put forth in a more emphatic manner than formerly, his views in antagonism to the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. At length, notwithstanding the strong hold he had in the University, the authorities there were obliged to take steps against him; and, making his views on the eucharist the special ground of their proceedings, the chancellor and twelve doctors, whom he chose as a committee to assist him in the matter, passed a sentence which obliged Wycliffe to shut his class, (1381.)

From this time Wycliffe seems to have lived almost entirely in his rectory at Lutterworth, employed partly in the performance of his duties as a parish-priest, partly in writing numerous short treatises expounding his opinions, and partly in that great work, which of itself would have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of posterity, the translation of the complete Scriptures into the English language. His activity was astonishing. Though in failing health, he seems during the last years of his life to have tasked himself with all the industry of one who, while charged with the ministry of a single sequestered mid-England parish, was also consciously and confessedly the chief of a great national, and even more than national, movement. Coadjutors were not wanting. Among his disciples and most ardent admirers, were Purvey, his curate at Lutterworth; Nicholas Hereford and Philip Reppington, doctors of divinity; and John Ashton, master of arts. These and others must have assisted him in his translation of the Bible from the Vulgate. There were, moreover, scores of "poor priests" besides, who, maintaining more or less of correspondence with Wycliffe, went about from parish to parish, and from village to village, preaching in market-places, barns, and churches, and disseminating his doctrines. So ample, in short, were the means of propagandism that, in the year 1382, the whole public mind of England was pervaded with that essentially Protestant system of doctrines which under the name of Lollardism, continued, for a century and a half, to maintain an underground existence in the British Islands, and even to spread through other parts of Europe, until it met and was merged in the great German Reformation. To understand fully what Lollardism was, we must attend to the Catalogue of the doctrines of which it was made up. Even while Wycliffe was still alive and laboring at Lutterworth, the following doctrines, in addition to those already mentioned as having proceeded from him were enumerated by the prelates as prevalent in England, and were traced by them to Wycliffe and his associates:—That, since the time of Silvester, there had been no true Pope; that the Papacy bore a semblance to

the reign of Antichrist; that the power of granting indulgences, and of absolving from sin, claimed by ecclesiastics, had no authority; that confession to a priest was worthless; that the bishop of Rome had no legislative right over the Church; that the invocation of saints was useless and contrary to Scripture; that the worship of images and relics was idolatry, and the miracles attributed to them false; that all priests had a right to preach the Gospel without waiting for Episcopal license; that the excommunications of the Popes and prelates were illegal and innocuous unless when in confirmation of God's own sentence; that the hierarchical system of church-government was a human invention and had produced evil; that the celibacy of the clergy was not binding, and that monasteries and nunneries should be dissolved; that prayer for the dead was of doubtful value; that the clergy ought to be reduced back to a state more nearly resembling the primitive poverty of the Apostles; and that all aggressive war, whether for conquest or religious zeal, was contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It is not clear that every one of these opinions was formally propounded by Wycliffe, nor does it seem that they were organized into one regular and harmonious form given to them by later Protestantism; but there can be no doubt that such substantially was the teaching of Wycliffe during the last years of his life, and that, accordingly, the Wycliffian Reformation, had it succeeded immediately, would have, in some respects, constituted a more radical revolution in English thought and English society than the Reformation afterwards more diplomatically arranged under Henry VIII. In some points, the Wycliffian theory of the Church seems to go to the severer length of Presbyterianism, if indeed, it does not push even beyond that. Probably the great "Papal schism" which began in 1378, and presented the world for some time with the spectacle of two and sometimes even more than two contemporaneous Popes, helped to divest Wycliffe's mind of its last shreds of respect for the Papacy even as a purely ecclesiastical institution. In a tract on the "Schism," published in 1383, he openly calls it a "cleaving of the head of Antichrist."

Of course, the Romanists of England were not lax in their efforts to arrest the terrible tide of innovation which had set in. Courtney, who in 1381, was elevated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, commenced an energetic prosecution of the Wycliffites. Some of the Reformer's followers were very hardly dealt with, and the Reformer himself was more than once dragged from his retirement at Lutterworth to be gazed at and questioned as a heresiarch. There was some talk even of sending him to Rome. Nor was Court-influence so

much in his favor as formerly. The insurrection of Wat Tyler in 1381 had infused into the counsels of the young King, and into the minds of all courtiers, such a horror of disorder of any kind as almost cured them of the anti-prelatic principles which had been fashionable in the time of Edward III.; and there were not wanting plausible speakers and writers who could represent the insurrection as nothing more than Lollardism in practice, and Wat Tyler as nothing more than a mob-edition of Wycliffe. Still, such was the tone of public sentiment that the open persecution of the gibbet and faggot could not as yet be resorted to; and Wycliffe died a natural death—struck down with paralysis in his own parish church on the 29th of December, 1384, on the last day of which month he died. He was then sixty years of age. It was not till about twenty years later, when Henry IV. sat on the throne of England, that the statute for burning heretics was passed, and the persecution of the Wycliffites began in earnest. That and the two subsequent reigns were a dreadful time for the Lollards. Meanwhile Wycliffe's writings were spreading on the Continent, and particularly in Bohemia, which was then connected with England by royal intermarriage. There, through the medium of John Huss, they sowed the seeds of a new and, in some respects, independent religious movement, perpetuated in the sect of the Hussites or Moravians. This connection between Huss and Wycliffe was recognized by the great Council of Constance, which sat for the consideration of the affairs of the Catholic Church, and for the rectification of all that was wrong in it, from the year 1414 to the year 1418. In tinkering up the old institution, the doctors of that council agreed in condemning Wycliffism and Hussism as the two great heresies which must first be absolutely extirpated. Huss and his disciple Jerome of Prague they burnt alive; Wycliffe they could only touch in his coffin. In the year 1428, the chancel of the old church of Lutterworth was dug up; Wycliffe's coffin was raised in the presence of some who might have seen it laid down forty-four years before; his bones were taken out and burned to ashes; and the ashes were tumbled into the river Swift. So the world waited, with Lollardism half-stifled in England, and Hussism scattered over Bohemia, till Luther arose, and thundered forth words which made them both leap forth, to mingle with the rushing storm of his own mightier doctrine.

Abundant as is our historical literature, and fond as our ablest writers have recently become of attempting careful and vivid renderings of the physiognomies of important historical personages, we are still without a set of thoroughly good portraits of the modern religious reformers of different nations, painted,

as they might be, in series, so that the features of each may be compared with those of all the rest. Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola, Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, Knox, and Cranmer—all men coming under the same general designation, all heroes of the same general movement, and yet what a contrast of physiognomies! Preëminent in the series will ever be Luther, as the man of biggest frame, and largest heart; the man of richest and most original genius; the great, soft, furious, musical, riant, sociable, kiss-you, knock-you-down, German. None of them all had such a face; none of them all said such things; of none of them all can you have such anecdotes, such a collection of *ana.* Next comes Calvin, indubitably morose, and indubitably of drier and leaner genius, but whom no one, whether Calvinist or not, but must admire, if an intellect of iron and a noble use of it are objects of proper admiration. If these two are taken out, the order in which the others are to be preferred may be left to national and individual predilection. A Slavonian will prefer Huss; an Italian, Savonarola; a Swiss, Zwingle; a Scotchman, Knox; an Englishman, Wycliffe or Cranmer. Speaking for the Englishman, however, we should find more to admire in Wycliffe than in Cranmer or perhaps in any other of the worthies of the later English Reformation. This preference would, we think, be a matter of course with any who should make the greater thoroughness of the earlier theory of Reformation the ground of a favorable decision; but, even if the judgment were to regard solely the comparative personal metal of the two men, we question if any of the later English Reformers would stand to be looked at along with Wycliffe. In the last published volume of D' Aubigné's History of the Reformation, Wycliffe and his Reformation are treated too shortly, although with the author's usual vigor of touch, to enable any such comparison to be made. It is to Dr. Vaughan that the English reader must go for a portrait of Wycliffe, and for an idea of the movement which he originated. The portrait, we must say, is not an easy one to draw. Dr. Vaughan has painted it fully, and gradually, by telling the story of Wycliffe's life in detail and in its due sequence; and also by taking care to present the man to us in his various phases or characters—as professor, as diplomatist, as reformer, as parish-priest, and as author. In one of the chapters we have the old village of Lutterworth, and its venerable clergyman, brought before us with admirable pictorial fidelity; and by means of extracts from the actual sermons preached by Wycliffe, we are enabled to judge of the kind of matter administered on Sundays by the great Reformer to the minds and consciences of his simple parishioners. Among the sentences from Dr. Vaughan's own pen intended to delineate

more expressly the character of Wycliffe all in all, the following are perhaps the most summary:—

Judging from his (Wycliffe's) portrait as transmitted to us by Sir Antonio More, [the original of this portrait, from which Dr. Vaughan's work contains an engraving, is an heir-loom in the rectory of Wycliffe, Yorkshire,] it is manifest that Luther had the advantage of him in respect to physical organization. In the countenance of the Englishman there are indications of a greater degree of penetration and acuteness, and of a finer sensibility, than we discern in the physiognomy of the German. But in the latter there is a massiveness of form, a robustness, a leonine force, which are his own, not only as compared with Wycliffe, but as compared with nearly all his compeers in the walk to which his might was devoted. . . . It is a rare thing to find the recondite and the popular, the abstruse and the practical, the schoolman and the man of the world, so combined, as they manifestly were in the great English reformer. As a schoolman, even his enemies have assigned him a place with the most gifted and the most successful. On what this reputation was founded his Lectures at Oxford in part show; and his English sermons, and tracts, and treatises, bring out the other phase of his power. His battle was with error in all its connections, and with depravity in all grades. To prove himself equal to the breadth of such a conflict, it became him to task his every capacity, and to avail himself of his every acquisition; and he did so. In his "Trialogus" alone we see enough of the subtleties of the schoolman; and in such pieces as "The Great Curse Expounded," we discern how intimate in the mind of the Reformer was the relation between such subtleties and the most momentous practical questions. . . . It is observable in Wycliffe that, even when treading the most novel ground, there is rarely anything of hesitancy about his manner. He speaks as a man who is sure that he sees things as they are, and who has a right, accordingly, to speak of them as he does. Often his glance seems to penetrate to the very centre of long settled abuses, and, as with the suddenness and the force of lightning, brings them rifted and crumbling to your feet. . . . We should not omit to observe that the patriotism and the piety of Wycliffe evidently contributed, along with his intelligence and sincerity, to give strength to his convictions, and firmness to the course of action which resulted from them. In his case, the man did not disappear in the ecclesiastic—the patriot was not lost in the priest. In defending the English crown against the Papal crown, and in upholding the just authority of the magistrate in every relation, the words of the Reformer are ever those of the true Englishman, jealous of the independence, civil and ecclesiastical, of his "puissant nation." . . . In his whole history, the Reformer is before us as a man convinced that the will of God, revealed to us thro' Christ, is the great rule—the rule at once of rectitude and goodness—to which the life of the good man should in all things be conformed.

It is the strength of this conviction that gives so much earnestness to his censures in regard to the conduct of men who make light of the Divine precepts. Man should *obey* God—he is in the world for that end; and what may follow in this world from his so doing is not to be with him any matter of calculation. So the Reformer taught, and so he acquitted himself. Hence that life of storm and suffering through which he lived; in place of that life of quiet ease or selfish pleasure through which he *might* have lived. . . . It may seem scarcely reasonable to attempt any description of the *style* of an author who wrote in a dead language, or in one so little matured as was the language of England in the fourteenth century—and who was, moreover, so manifestly free from all thought about those artificial qualities in writing in which excellence in this respect is made so largely to consist. In the age of Wycliffe, *conception* bore upon it, almost everywhere, the impress of a simple naturalness—*expression* still more so. But, in regard to style, nature often does with ease, what no amount of effect to become natural is found to be sufficient to realize. There is nothing like earnestness of purpose, to give clearness, terseness, and impressiveness to the language in which a man's thoughts find their clothing and outlet. Wycliffe was intent upon being understood—intent also on imparting the conviction and passion of his own mind to other minds. It is this which gives such distinctness and directness to his language as a popular teacher, and which often elevates his style into strains of high and prolonged eloquence. It is with this view also that he frequently takes his illustrations from the common life and the household experiences of the time, mingling much of the homely and graphic force of Latimer, with streams of passionate reasoning and rhetoric which remind us of Richard Baxter more than of any other man in the history of our religious literature. Had he lived in our time, he would so have written as to have secured a place for his works in the libraries of statesmen and divines, and also in the houses of the artisan and the peasant—and in all these connections, his coming, in our day, as in his own, would have probably been the coming not of peace, so much as of the sword.

All this, we believe, will be found a substantially accurate estimate by any student of the life and writings of Wycliffe. We scarcely agree, however, with the sentence in the above extract which finds "finer sensibility," as well as greater penetration, in the face of Wycliffe than in that of Luther. Our own glances at the engraving of the original portrait of Wycliffe prefixed to Dr. Vaughan's volume, show us a face, certainly not destitute of "sensibility," but not nearly so full of that quality as the eye and the glorious mouth in the portraits of the German Reformer. The face is that of a brave, firm Englishman; and the slightly hooked length of the nose, under what seem to be the quiet gray eyes, impart to it a character of almost *rally* astuteness, quite compatible

with the most perfect honesty, as we have sometimes noted in similar faces seen among elderly north country farmers. And this corresponds with the impression we have derived from what Dr. Vaughan has quoted, and what we have read elsewhere, of Wycliffe's writings. We seem to see in these writings a man of the hard, earnest type; shrewd, sure, penetrating, and strong, rather than exuberant, richly sentimental, or highly imaginative. There is force, sense, terseness, a kind of bony hardness in all that Wycliffe says; sometimes the thought comes forth with unusual heat and sternness; but, on the whole, the texture of his writing is plain, dry, and leathery, and in the utterance of his ideas there are few of those incidental flashes of conception, those furies and felicities of phrase, which betoken the possession of specific literary genius. He has none of Luther's reckless bursts of language, none of his intellectual copiousness; nor has he any of the humor, the pathos, the descriptive beauty, or the sly reflective depth, of his contemporary Chaucer. Indeed, Chaucer and Wycliffe, as the figures of the same age, stand in fine mutual contrast—Chaucer the very type of the poet or literary man, genial, acquiescent, reproducing all the colors of things, yellow, green, blue, purple, and violet; Wycliffe the very type of the moralist or Reformer, his whole nature concentrated into the one sense of right and wrong, and painting all things, therefore, only in black and white. The following passage may serve as a specimen of the ordinary style and tenor of Wycliffe's popular writings; it is the concluding paragraph of his English Tract against the Begging Friars, and we print it exactly as in the original, only altering the disused spelling.

Yet,—Friars been most perilous enemies to Holy Church and all our land, for they letten curates of their office, and spenden commonly and needless sixty thousand mark by year that they robben falsely of the poor people. For, if curates didden their office in good life and true preaching, as they been holden upon pain of damning in hell, there were clerks enough of bishops, parsons, and other priests; and, in case, over money to the people. And yet two hundred year agone, there was no Friar; and then was our land more plenteous of cattle and men, and they were then stronger of complexion to labor than now; and then were clerks enough. And now been many thousand of Friars in England, and the old curates standen still unamended, and among all sin is mere increased, and the people charged by sixty thousand mark by year, and therefore it must needs fail; and so Friars suffer curates to live in sin, so that they may rob the people and live in their lusts. For, if curates done well their office, Friars weren superflue, and our land should be discharged of many thousand mark; and then the people should better pay their rents to lords, and dimes and offerings to curates, and much flattering and nourishing of

sin should be destroyed, and good life and peace and charity shouldein reign among Christian men. And so when all the ground is sought, Friars saien thus, indeed: "Let old curates wax rotten in sin, and let them not do their office by God's law, and we will live in lusts so long, and waste vainly and needless sixty thousand mark by year of the poor Commons of the land, and so at the last make dissension between them and their childer for dimes and offerings that we will get privily to us by hypocrisy, and make dissension between lords and their commons. For we will maintain lords to live in their lusts, extortions, and other sins, and the commons in covetise, lechery, and other deceits, with false swearing, and many guiles; and also the curates in their damnation for leaving of their ghostly office, and to be the procurators of the Fiend for to draw all men to hell." Thus they done, indeed, however they feignen in hypocrisy of pleasing words.

This may be characterized as the style of plain hard-biting; and most of Wycliffe's popular writing is in the same style. Observe, too, the thorough practical Englishman, almost the Englishman of the popular Radical school, in the telling allusion over and over again to the pecuniary argument of the "sixty thousand mark by year." Wycliffe was an educated man, and a man of high scholastic attainments,—a man, too, of courtly connections and acquaintanceship; hence there is nothing in his pleadings for economy of that coarseness which we often find in such pleadings by our modern democratic friends. Evidently, however, there was in him a fibre of that Radicalism in Church and State which has found its modern representatives in such men as Cobbett and Cobden. This, indeed, is a part of his character which requires farther clearing up. From the nature of some of Wycliffe's speculations it is clear that he would have made very levelling reforms, at all events in the *political* constitution of the Church, and that he was one of those who regarded the immense accumulation of property and power in the hands of the Church, which had resulted from the civil alliance between the spiritual and the temporal in the different countries of Europe, (in England one half of all the landed property was possessed by the Church,) as a great political and religious evil. He held and maintained that the clergy should be torn down from this position of temporal lordship and independence in the heart of the community; that they should be reduced to their natural functions and status as a spiritual ministry; and that, if it was inexpedient that they should again exhibit the spectacle of laborious poverty presented by the Apostles and founders of the primitive Church, their temporal provision should at least be moderate, and should never be of that fixed character which would disguise the fact that it was essentially

an alms or voluntary offering. Endowments, as such, whether by individuals or by the State, he does not appear to have disapproved of, provided care were taken to keep up their character as only an alms repeated or continued, a gift bestowed on certain conditions, and revocable if these conditions ceased to be fulfilled.

This notion of the revocability of endowments, either by individual temporal lords, or by the Crown, was the notion upon the propagation of which he evidently placed greatest reliance as the means of sapping the existing constitution of the Church, and bringing the Church and the State into better relations. He did not excuse the people from paying tithes; but he said it was a greater sin for the clergy not to preach than for the people to withhold tithes, even if the clergy did preach. When pushed to its highest speculative generality, however, the notion assumed a form which made it as applicable to the State as to the Church. It is one of the accusations of Lingard and other Catholic writers against Wycliffe, that he preached a doctrine which they express by the proposition that "all dominion is founded on grace;" the meaning of which we suppose to be, that men, as fallen beings, have absolutely no right in themselves to any power or property, and that whatever right they have is a gift of grace, and is a correlative of a required duty. Dr. Vaughan defends Wycliffe against certain calumnious representations of his opinions on this head. We think it clear, however, from much of Wycliffe's language, and especially from such "conclusions" of his as those already quoted,— "God cannot give civil dominion to any man for himself and his heirs for ever." "Charters of human invention concerning civil inheritance for ever are impossible,"—that Wycliffe did regard this as one of his fundamental speculations; and that though, in accordance with the necessities of the time, he used it chiefly against the Church and the Papacy, he knew very well that it was a two-edged sword, capable of being used also for ordinary political service. Nor is there anything derogatory to Wycliffe in this. Rightly interpreted the doctrine has a splendid meaning; and Wycliffe, in maintaining it, was but propounding, in a characteristic form, a notion which since the days of Turgot, has been gaining ground in the minds of political philosophers.

When we say, then, that there was in Wycliffe, over and above all else that was in him, a vein of Radicalism both in Church and State, we are not very far wrong. This it is that has prevented such men as the Church-historian Milner from doing him full justice. With all his disposition to applaud a man whose views on the whole were more "Evan-

gelical" than was general at that time, and who so boldly denounced "the abominations of Romanism," Milner evidently shrinks from Wycliffe with the genuine instinct of a dutiful son of the modern Church of England. And, from his point of view, Milner is right. There can be no doubt that the modern Church of England is not such a Church as would have issued from a movement of reformation conducted by men of Wycliffe's stamp, or animated by Wycliffe's principles. Whether this is better, or whether it is worse, is a question on which much may be said on both sides. It may be averred, however, as a curious historical fact, that whatever of the

Wycliffism, or Lollardism of the fourteenth century in England, was left out as unnecessary, or set aside as inadmissible by the actual Reformation of the sixteenth, was not damaged back and destroyed by that means, but has trickled down to our own times in certain veins of sentiment and doctrine carefully preserved by the Puritans, and now pervading those Non-conforming bodies which form so large a portion of the pith of the English nation. It is in one of the chiefs of these bodies, we repeat, that Wycliffe has naturally found his best, and, indeed, his only competent biographer.

In the closing scene of Fuseli's long and honorable career, a touching testimony was given of the painter's attachment to a brother artist. Fuseli was on a visit to the Countess of Guildford at the time he was stricken by an illness of the fatal termination of which the sufferer felt a strong and clear presentiment. On the fifth day he perceived that the inevitable change was at hand—"looked anxiously round the room, said several times in a low and agitated voice, 'Is Lawrence come? Is Lawrence come?'" and then appeared to listen for the sound of the chariot wheels which brought his friend once a day from London to his bedside." And so watching and waiting, death fell upon him like a deep sleep.

In Opie the spirit of the artist triumphed to the last. Preparatory to the Annual Exhibition, at Somerset House, he had executed, partially at least, a portrait of the Duke of Gloucester, the completion of which he confided to his friend Henry Thomson. The picture was placed at the foot of the bed, from which it was decreed that Opie should never more arise, and as the fit of delirium, from which he had been suffering, passed off, "he lifted his head and said, 'There is not color enough in the back-ground.' More color was added: Opie looked at it with great satisfaction, and said with a smile, 'Thomson, it will do now; it will do now; if you could not do it, nobody could.' The delirium returned, and took its hue from the picture he had just looked at. He imagined himself employed in his favorite pursuit, and continued painting in idea until death interposed."

Watteau may be said to have died at his easel. The last work to which he applied his hand was an illustration of that scene in "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," which concludes by the interment of the sick man, in presence of the faculty ranged about his grave. When the picture was completed, the pencil fell from his hand, and his death ensued very shortly afterwards.

The same may be also said of Murillo, who, at the age of seventy-three, while mounting a scaffold to make a painting of St. Catherine for the Convent of Capuchins at Cadiz, fell to the ground, and aggravated a rupture from which he had been previously suffering, and which the sensitive delicacy of his nature prevented him from exposing to the examination of a surgeon,

so that mortification supervened, and his life was the forfeit paid.—*Lights and Shadows of Artist Life.*

MR. WILLIAM GARDINER, the venerable author of the "*Music of Nature*," and other works, died in Leicester in Nov. He had made an engagement at the time of his death, to read a paper before the local Literary and Philosophical Society. Mr. Gardiner, some years ago, was in the habit of periodically visiting Newcastle as a commercial traveller on his own account, and that the last time we saw him he told us that he used to supply stockings to Mr. Bragg at 5s. 6d. per pair. He abounded in information and anecdote, and was an excellent table companion. He died at the advanced age of eighty-three years. Often, in his youth, he carried his playfellow, Daniel Lambert, on his back. He showed the "lions" of Leicester to John Howard. When singing at a local glee club, Egalité, father of Louis Philippe, dropped in to listen. He heard Warren Hastings begin his defence in Westminster Hall. Of a vivacious temperament he cried "Bravo!" to Fox from the gallery of the Commons; and only escaped Newgate or the Tower by the intercession of the Prince of Wales. He was in Paris during the Peace of Amiens; saw the guillotine; was introduced by Marshal Mortier to Soult and Menou; saw Bonaparte surrounded by his Mamelukes; received civilities from Fouché; and was hurried out of France for too freely hinting that Napoleon would aim at a throne. He was intimate with Moore; received distinguished honors at the inauguration of Beethoven's statue; Was reviewed by Kit North in "*Blackwood*;" slept in his boyhood with a distinguished authoress; and now sleeps with his father, whose musical genius he inherited, and who died in green youth at 90.—*Gateshead Observer.*

A QUESTION.

Suppose that, hot from earnest holding forth
On all the mighty worth
Of arbitration, you were mobb'd and robb'd in
Exeter Hall: say, would you hold your peace;
Or—waiting the police—
Use your own fist as arbitrator! Cobden!

The Living Age would want one feature of likeness, if we had not a sketch of Table Rapping. Our readers of ten years hence may be assured that nothing is exaggerated in this story. The coarseness of the cheater, — the entire absence of every reason for credulity cannot be caricatured. This determination, by reputable people too, — to believe without any semblance of proof, — this biting at the bare hook (as fishermen say), — is the most wonderful exhibition we have ever known. The only difference between real life and the picture here given is, that the latter is undercolored. Mrs. Nightshade is too easily undeceived. The real believers still hold on to their faith, after Mrs. Fox's fraud had been confessed and explained by one of her confederates! The story is from Blackwood's Magazine: —

RAPPING THE QUESTION.

A TALE OF MODERN MAGIC.

THERE seems to be a fatality attached to the flower exhibitions at Chiswick Gardens. However brilliant may be the promise of the morning — however cloudless may be the sky at midday — it rarely happens that the dense assemblage of the worshippers of Flora can make their escape from the carriage-thronged portals without receiving the bounties of a thunder-plump. These fêtes are, in fact, regarded by the milliners, manteau-makers, and haberdashers of the metropolis, as special days set apart in the calendar for their encouragement and benefit; and indeed they appear to be honored in a marked manner by the peculiar patronage of St. Swithin, who, as all the world knows, followed, in his earlier years, the occupation of a gardener at Winchester.

Some of these fêtes are rather brilliant, others are miraculously dull. In all human probability, not one out of a thousand of the visitors has any taste for floriculture, or possesses sufficient botanical knowledge to enable him to approximate in pronunciation to the hideous names inscribed on the zinc pegs of the flower-pots. Few, from their own personal acquirement, could venture confidently to distinguish between an azalea and a rhododendron. But every one likes flowers in the abstract; and it certainly is a great pleasure on a fine summer day to escape for an hour or two from the closeness of London to turf and trees, even though the place of refuge is scarce beyond the boundary of a suburb.

So thought not the fashionable world on a certain day in June last, for hardly any one of note or celebrity appeared in the gardens. There was, however no lack of attendance, such as it was; and in and round the tents there was such a violent display of gaudy silks and satins as almost eclipsed the flowers. Cockneydom was loose for the day, and shone with exceeding brightness. Very large women in very small bonnets strode confidently along, under the convoy of whey-faced cavaliers, pitching their remarks and criticisms in that dis-

treassing key, which Shakspeare certainly did not refer to when he commended the gentleness of woman's voice. Habit, however, is a second nature; and if a lady is in the domestic custom of making herself heard from the garret to the kitchen, it is not easy for her, on other occasions, to lapse into a softer modulation. There was of course, the usual forcible transportation of benches for the relief of fatigued parties; as also the delay in procuring ices, at three times the legitimate charge.

"Hallo, Tiverton! Son of the Muses! Is that you?" said a gentleman, who for a quarter of an hour had been supplicating in vain for the meagre refreshment of a lemon-water ice, to a still younger individual, who was desperately attempting to attract the notice of a waiter. "What has brought you here to-day?" There is hardly a face that I know in the gardens, and nothing likely to beget inspiration. Are you alone, or doing duty to some respectable dowager?"

"Help me, if you can, like a good fellow, to a couple of ices," said the other, "and I'll tell you all about it in half an hour. In fact I want to speak to you."

"As to helping you to ice, I can only refer you to that respectable individual in the dirty cravat opposite, to whom, like another Werter, I have been unavailingly pouring my sorrows. However, I shall try a spell. I say, my man, are you aware that this shilling, which you seem to despise, is intended solely for yourself?"

"Beg pardon, sir! Didn't hear you before! Sorry to have kept you waiting, sir!" said the now aroused waiter. "Three ices, sir — lemon-water? three shillings — all right, sir!" — and he appropriated his tip.

"Now, Tiverton, be off with that acidulated snow; and if you can get rid of your penance within half an hour, meet me here, and I shall drive you back to town. If not, I shall do the sulky by myself. By Jove, though," he added, as he followed his departing friend with his eye, "that is certainly a very pretty girl! I could hardly blame Master Harry if he gave me the slip altogether."

Harry Tiverton, however, contrary to the anticipation of his friend, was punctual; and the two, who were fast allies, were on their way together to town, before the verge of the thunder-cloud appeared.

"Nice girl, that," said Mr. Augustus Reginald Dunshunner, for the gentleman in question bore no less conspicuous a name. "Is it a case of intention, or flirtation, Harry?"

"I don't want to beat about the bush with you, Dunshunner. It is intention of the most serious kind. There are awful obstacles in the way; yet if I do not succeed in my suit to Mary Nightshade, I shall be miserable for ever."

The experienced Augustus slightly coughed. "It's of no use anticipating miseries," said he. "It strikes me that you have a capital foundation. Independently of your legal prospects, (which we may as well put out of view altogether, since it is clear that, if you can't bully a waiter, you need never expect to browbeat a witness), you have some seven hundred a-year, with

expectations; and undoubtedly, as times go, you are valuable in the matrimonial market. For a poet, you are remarkably well off; and, depend upon it few mammas regard seven hundred with indifference. I presume that elderly lady in sky-blue figures in the capacity of mamma?"

"Mrs. Nightshade?—yes."

"Hum—I have no doubt she is an excellent person, but rather cadaverous for my taste. Is she the obstacle?"

"Partly—not altogether. But it's a long story."

"Never mind; I have nothing else to think of."

"Well, the fact is, that Mrs. Nightshade is a very peculiar woman. She is, I believe, decidedly clever; but has got among such a set of fanatics or impostors, that her head is fairly turned. She began a long time ago with mesmerism; from that she advanced to biology; then she took to table-turning and spiritual rappings, until she has worked herself into the belief that her mattress is stuffed with ghosts, and that a whole legion of spirits is lodged in the drawers of the side-board."

"And you reckon that an extraordinary instance of delusion, do you? Why, man, half the people of London are possessed with the same idea. You can't go into a drawing-room now, without finding the tables whisking round under the pressure of the conjoined hands! For my own part, I rather like it than otherwise. It is an excellent apology for a little harmless flirtation, seeing that each fresh magnetic impulse is accompanied with a gentle squeeze. I have had some practice, and flatter myself that I am rather an expert spinner of the rose-wood."

"Aye—but can you make tables talk?"

"I have no doubt I could, if I were to apply my mind to it—that is, in public; for I trust my own domestic mahogany knows better than to attempt any such impertinence. From what you say, I presume Mrs. Nightshade possesses that inestimable gift?"

"Don't she? If you were to believe her own account, the moment she enters her boudoir the furniture begins to hop about, and chirp like a flock of chickens!"

"Yes; the old miracles revive. Probably her upholsterer gets his material from the woods of Dodona. It is amazing how tenacious of life is the classical mythology! I presume that, when she enters the kitchen, there is a practical refutation of the heretical doctrine, that the mighty Pan is dead?"

"Pots, pans, and kettles leap in simultaneous clatter. Ladles lament, and spits are heard to mourn!"

"That last is a fine line, Harry—keep it for your next poem," said Dunshunner. "But now, tell me, what the deuce has all this to do with the young lady? Is she possessed with a similar mania? If so, my advice to you may be condensed in a very short sentence."

"So far from that, she believes the whole thing to be a humbug."

"And never tries table turning on her own account?"

"Never."

"Then, Harry Tiverton, though no lawyer, you are a very lucky fellow. If, under the auspices of such a mother, she can keep herself free from the prevailing idiocy of the age, you may rely upon her sense and discretion. But I do n't exactly as yet see the obstacle. All stratagems are fair in love. Why do n't you humor the loathly lady—I crave pardon—your future mother-in-law?"

"My dear friend, the mahogany has pronounced against me; as also, I am sorry to say, have the sanctified shades of Tom Paine and Jean Jacques Rousseau. These two respectable sprites have recommended, in the most forcible language, the union of Mary Nightshade with a certain Dr. Reuben Squills."

"Squills? Who, in the name of Hippocrates, may he be?" said Dunshunner.

"Heaven forgive me if I wrong him," replied Tiverton; but I hold him to be the most hypocritical coxcomb extant. Nature intended him for an ass, but gave him so much cunning that he is able to conceal his true character. He gives out that he possesses the secret of the alchemists, and has discovered the *aurum potable*. He never produced it, though; there was always one step wanting. But, as to puffing, Mercurius Trismegistus was a perfect joke compared to him."

"And Mrs. Nightshade believes in his pretences?"

"Thoroughly and entirely. I heard him, not three days ago, volunteer to present her with a bottle of the genuine Devil's Elixir, as a cordial proper to be taken before the next *seance*. I am sorry to say that, in matters of faith, Mrs. Nightshade is not altogether orthodox."

"I concluded as much from your account of her occupations," said Dunshunner. Your strong-minded woman usually follows the Dudevant model. Rousseau is a natural spiritual correspondent for a lady with such impressions; but I must confess that even posthumous communications with such a beast as Thomas Paine are the reverse of creditable. Then Squills is your rival?"

"Clearly. The mother favors him; and if Mary marries without her consent, she loses her fortune."

"Which is—"

"Fifteen thousand pounds."

"Tiverton—you know I have always had a regard for you; but upon my honor, your conversation to-day has raised you greatly in my estimation."

"Why so?"

"Because most fellows, in your situation, would have behaved extremely ill to the girl. They would, if they had your means, and were imbued with the poetical temperament, have proposed an elopement at once; or otherwise, which would be equally bad, have quarrelled with the mother, and made a mull of it. Your fine practical sense—now do n't contradict me—has indicated the proper path of duty, which is to secure the lady, along with the requisite amount of stock in the three-per-cents, for the benefit not only of the present, but of the possible coming generation."

"Believe me, Dunshunner—"

"I know what you are going to say. It is very amiable, touching, disinterested, and so forth. But, please recollect that you have made me your confidant, and that my honor is concerned in seeing that you are put in possession, not only of the lady, but of her fortune. If you adopt the humble shepherd style, I've done with you; but if you are ready to go forward for the whole prize, I don't mind if I lend you a helping hand."

"Done! and even should we fail, Dunshunner, it is worth while making the attempt."

"I presume so, else why this colloquy? I look upon the lady as yours already—I exert myself simply in respect to the funds. Now tell me, does the old lady traffic with any other magician except Squills?"

"O yes! There is a certain Mrs. Trapes, an American lady, who acts as the Witch of Endor. It strikes me very forcibly that she is in confederacy with Squills."

"Not at all unlikely. Trapes? I have a strong impression that I have heard that name before. There was at Saratoga, two years since, a conjuring kind of fellow who fabricated pancakes in hats, multiplied pigeons, and made his wife come through a table into a wicker-basket. He levanted one day without paying his bills. If my memory serves me right, his name was Jonathan J. Trapes."

"Why, my dear friend, these are the very people! That's the name of the husband."

"And a shambling, knock-kneed, ill-favored Yankee he was. Ay, indeed! so Mrs. Trapes has taken to spiritual manifestations? She must, at all events, by this time have a perfect mastery of the tables."

"That table-turning is a very curious thing. Do you know, Dunshunner, they say she is regularly consulted by several members of the Cabinet?"

"Like enough. Old Sir Charles Wood, and a few more of them, stand in woeful need of such a Cassandra. Well, Tiverton, I think I begin to see my way. It will be necessary to get up a counter-movement, and, in the first instance, demolish the Trapes. That can only be done by the apparition of a superior magician. I presume that, if the spirits withdraw their certificates in favor of Squills, he will descend in Mrs. Nightshade's estimation?"

"Below zero! But do you really think, Dunshunner, that there is nothing in table-turning?"

"Bah! I am amazed to hear you. When can we have a seance?"

"There is to be one at Mrs. Nightshade's on Friday evening."

"That's rather short notice; but I think we may manage it. You can take me there, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"I shall appear as a Cracovian Scholasticus."

"Are you serious, Dunshunner?"

"Perfectly. And now, as we are in town, I shall drop you at your club, and proceed to make my arrangements. Let me see you tomorrow, at breakfast."

"But I say, Dunshunner, you have not told me yet what you mean to do."

"How should I? I never heard of your affair till half an hour ago. Do you suppose that diplomacy hatches eggs as rapidly as that machine in Regent Street? You really must have a little patience, my friend, until I make my dispositions. Trust me, I shall lose no time. Good-by."

And Dunshunner drove off.

"I do not know very well what to make of this, mused Tiverton, as he ascended the steps towards his club. What does he mean by a Cracovian Scholasticus? He is a clever fellow, certainly, but still I have misgivings. I wonder, in spite of myself, whether the tables turn or not? And, then, these spirit-rappings! To be sure, if Trapes is a mountebank, as Dunshunner says he was, there must be imposition somewhere—in fact, I know the whole thing is a lie, but I can't find it out. Yes, by Jove!" said he, entering the lobby, "it must be an infernal lie! I wish I saw that monster Squills flattened by some locomotive mangle!"

"Ah, Tiverton!" said one of a party of friends, who emerged from a side-room, "you are just in time. We are going up-stairs to have a shy at table-turning!"

When the acute Dunshunner reached his chambers—for he preferred that independent method of existence to every other—he followed the invariable example of the early heroes, by summoning his little foot-page. From what quarter he obtained that imp, was a profound mystery. Some of his friends averred that he had selected him from jail; others supposed that he was an emanation from a ragged school; and one or two genealogists maintained that he was the superfluous child of a detective officer. His baptismal appellation was unknown. Dunshunner called him Katterfelto, and to that name alone he answered.

He was as acute as a needle, and, when off duty, as full of tricks as a monkey; nevertheless, he stood in thorough awe of his master, who had educated him for service on precisely the same principles which a gamekeeper applies to a pointer. He was broken in to understand the significance of the slightest word, hint, or sign; and never allowed to exercise an atom of his own judgment against peremptory orders. But that restriction withdrawn, he was invaluable as a scout. Put him upon a scent, with a definite object, and he almost never failed; his powers, combinative, deductive, and stratagetic, were such as we might expect to find in the character of a youthful Fouché.

"Katterfelto," said his master, when he had called the page to his presence, "do you know anything about spirit-rappings?"

"I've heard on it," said Katterfelto.

"As how?" said Dunshunner.

"Gammon!" replied the page.

"Very good. Have you ever heard of a man of the name of Trapes, in Oxford street?"

"Yes. Wife's a middy-wum, as they calls it. He keeps a boy, Joe Parkes, that finds out who the company is, and splits on their friends as has gone to grass. Then the old un brings up their ghostises."

"So you're acquainted with Joe Parkes, then? What sort of lad is he?"

"Cute enough, but can walk round him in five minutes."

"Very good. Now, Katterfelto, observe! You throw yourself in the way of Joe, and persuade him that there is a trap laid for his master on Friday evening next. Recollect, Friday; and if you are pressed, you may say at Nightshade's. I'll give you a note of the names. Tell him there's a trick, and that Dr. Squills must not be present. Can you manage that?"

"I'd be werry sorry to serve you, sir, if I couldn't," replied Katterfelto.

"That's enough. There's a crown for you towards the persuading of Joe; get out of him all you can. Next, find out Dr. Squills—he lives somewhere in Rupert Street; let me know who his intimate friends are, when he dines, and what he usually does after dinner—in fact, I want to know how he generally spends his evening. If they won't tell you, find it out for yourself. Understand, Katterfelto, this is no ordinary affair. My credit is at stake," said Dunshunner.

"Werry glad to hear it, sir," replied Katterfelto; "I likes what they calls a crisis."

"Vanish!" and Katterfelto disappeared.

"And now," said Dunshunner, resuming his hat and gloves—"now for a short conference with my old friend the Wizard of the North."

If modern necromancy is not quite so solemn and sublime as that of the Middle Ages, it is, at all events, much more suitable to the nerves of the agitated spectator. In the old times, it was no joke to pay your devoirs to a sorcerer. In the first place, there was considerable difficulty in finding out his abode; for it was not the fashion, in that barbarous and illiterate period, to placard the walls with posters, announcing to the nobility and gentry that Messrs. Cornelius Agrippa, Johann Faust & Co. were in the nightly habit of electrifying crowded audiences, by evoking the spirits of the dead after the manner of Casper in *Der Freyschutz*—"subsequent to which the celebrated Spectre-Huntsman will display his unparalleled feats in the Circus; the whole to conclude with a Divertissement of Dancing Devils." Such announcements, we say, were not permitted in the narrow-minded days of antiquity. Those who desired to have an interview with a magician, were compelled to seek out his abode, as they best might, in some obscure lane or disreputable quarter of the city; and, if tradition is to be believed, it was usually in the vicinity of a churchyard. Then again, even after the right address had been obtained, the too-curious investigator ran no small risk of being pounced upon by some of the familiars of the Inquisition—gentlemen whose appetite for roast-meat was perfectly unappeasable. These dangers escaped, and the house fairly entered, the visitor had to endure the ordeal of dusky corridors, hazy lamps, waving tapestry, and hollow-slaming doors, until he reached the den of the wizard, whom he found gracefully leaning on an altar in the midst of a circle of skulls. As for what followed—the fumigation—the incantation—the blue lights—and the spectral faces—are not these things written in the volumes dedicated to magic, and in the tales founded thereon, by a thousand scribblers of romance? Whereas, in these times of ours, mat-

ters are far more agreeably managed. The magician, male or female, advertises, in the morning papers, the terms of admission, and the hours. Parties are made up, at short notice, for post-prandial communication with their departed friends, who are usually so accommodating as to allow full time for the discussion of an extra bottle of claret. The ghost-seers drive, as merry as grigs, to the rooms of the necromancer, which are plainly but comfortably furnished. The apparatus is of the simplest description, consisting merely of a mahogany table, a child's alphabet, and a pencil: the medium appears—the company take their seats—there is a slight pause, and then a rapping—and in less than a quarter of an hour you find yourself enjoying the unreserved confidences of Titus Oates, Thistlewood, Thurtell, or any other free-and-easy spirit who may take a fancy to glide through the key-hole. Such is the noble simplicity of modern magic, as practised in the nineteenth century.

"Dunshunner," said Tiverton as they drove together to Mrs. Nightshade's, "I can't help being a little nervous about this. Are you sure everything is right?"

"Right?" replied Augustus, "of course it is. I've got the ticking-case sewed into my trousers below the knee, and the musical-box in my waistband, beside all manner of extraordinary traps in my pockets. What the deuce would you wish for more? I have practised this morning till I can make every bone in my body as resonant as a German clock."

"And you are convinced Mrs. Nightshade won't find out—"

"My dear fellow! If she has not found out Mr. Jonathan J. Trapes, I flatter myself she will hardly find out me. But I'll tell you what, Harry, if you have the least misgiving, I'll go back at once. You know I only took up this matter to aid you; and although I own I have a month's mind for the fun, don't let that stand in the way. I'm off this moment, if you wish it."

"By no means, my dear friend," replied Tiverton; "I depend on you entirely! I only wanted to know—"

"You wanted, in fact, to know what neither you nor any other man can know, the accidents of the coming hour! Come, my lad—I can make allowance for your nervousness as matters stand, but that's no reason for your throwing cold water upon me. Enough—here's the house. We have at least half an hour to spare before the Trapeses arrive. Mind your own cue; remember the verses, and trust implicitly to my discretion."

Mrs. Nightshade, as has been already hinted, was a lady of spectral character. From her youth upwards, she had dreamed dreams and seen visions; and rumor went so far as to state that she drove the departed Nightshade, an atrabilious East Indian, into a decline, by a circumstantial narrative of having met his fetch or writh taking an airing, at mid-day, in Bond Street, when the original was reposing at Brighton. If that was true, she certainly had the merit of curing her spouse of posthumous vagaries, for he never walked afterwards; and no medium, however powerful, could wring from the unrelenting spirit one word of comfort to his relict.

Perhaps he was not altogether sorry to be rid of the connection; for Mrs. Nightshade, though decidedly *spirituelle*, was not precisely the kind of woman that most men would have fancied for a helpmate. Not that she was bad-tempered or intentionally disagreeable; but she wished to pass for a strong-minded woman, a character which, in this prejudiced world of ours, is not regarded with peculiar favor. And no wonder. When a lady ventures beyond the sphere of her domestic and social duties, it is at the imminent risk of becoming ridiculous, and Mrs. Nightshade certainly spared no pains to exhibit herself in that light. It seemed almost miraculous that she had not infected her daughter with her absurdities; but there are some minds so naturally pure, and so fortified by principle, as to escape contagion; and Mary Nightshade's was one of these. Besides, she had but lately returned to the maternal roof, having resided for some years, for the purposes of her education, with a relative, a very different sort of person from her strong-minded but excitable mother.

Mrs. Nightshade was in full force and high spirits. Excitement, according to her creed, was the very essence of existence; and what excitement can be equal to that attendant upon ghostly or demoniacal intercourse? Every orthodox preparation had been made for the *seance*. Harpsichord, sofas, easy-chairs—all the proper paraphernalia of the drawing-room were removed; a very common-looking table, apparently of deal, with some eight or ten chairs, constituted the whole furniture; and a couple of argand lamps, purposely reduced, shed a dim light through the apartment.

"I am so delighted," said Mrs. Nightshade, after the preliminary courtesies of introduction were performed—"I am so delighted, Mr. Dunshunner, that you have been kind enough to join our party this evening. Do you know, Mrs. Trapes has had a communication from the ghost of Shelley; and the dear delightful thing has promised to attend, and repeat some of his posthumous poetry! You can't think how nice these literary reunions are! Last week we had Horace Walpole up, and he was so very witty and clever! But I forget. Perhaps you have never seen any thing of this before, and may be a little sceptical!"

"I should be sorry if Mrs. Nightshade were to form such a mean opinion of my understanding," replied Dunshunner undauntedly. "Even without the advantage of personal experience, I should consider that man as culpably blind, who, in the face of the illumination, however faint it may be, which has now reached Britain from awakening America, could question the active existence and coöperation of the unseen world. The science, I can assure you, is no novelty to me; indeed I have spent some of the best years of my life in studying it, under renowned professors, in lands where the doctrine never has been denied."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Nightshade, you quite amaze me, Mr. Dunshunner! I understood from Mrs. Trapes, our distinguished medium, that the science was only discovered by the Americans in 1846."

"Pardon me, my dear madam, if I indulge in a smile at so preposterous an assertion. I appeal to your own judgment—so high and discerning—whether it is credible that the master-spirits of this terrestrial globe, burning, as we know they are, to communicate their thoughts to us, would have delayed for so many thousands of years so very simple a manifestation?—or that they would have selected, as their first interpreters, the members of the Fish and Fox family? Believe me, it is our own insular arrogance, and the pride of a false philosophy, which have alone prevented us hitherto from drawing spiritual inspiration from the fountains that were never dry."

"How very odd that is!" cried Mrs. Nightshade. "Do you know, Mr. Dunshunner, you quite upset my ideas! I never thought of it before, but it does strike me, now you mention it, as very strange that the first manifestations should have been made in America. Do tell me, Mr. Dunshunner, when did you first gain any knowledge of spiritual manifestations?"

"I am almost ashamed to specify the date, Mrs. Nightshade, since it makes me appear so old," replied the ambrosial Dunshunner. "But it is now five-and-twenty years ago since I underwent a course of Rosicrucian philosophy at the renowned University of Pultowa, and was honored with the diploma of B. S. C."

"B. S. C.!" cried Mrs. Nightshade, whose curiosity was now excited beyond all bounds. "What does that signify?"

"Bachelor of Spiritual Communications," replied Dunshunner. "It is not a very high grade, but I was not then an adept. However, following up my pursuits, I afterwards studied at Montenegro, and in Wallachia, where the prevalence of vampyrism afforded an excellent opportunity of investigating the lesser phenomena. I derived great advantage from a sojourn among the Copts; and after due examination, was admitted, in the College of Cracow, to the thirty-third degree, the same which was granted to the illustrious Cagliostro."

"I declare you take away my breath!" said Mrs. Nightshade, more and more seriously inclining towards the accomplished philosopher. "And so you, too, are familiar with spiritual communications?"

"I ought to be," replied Dunshunner; "for at Cracow we had Virgil up, and made him finish the *Eneid*. It was, however, rather poor, as he had no opportunity of revising. But so far as my own practice is concerned, I rarely communicate except with spirits of the seventh sphere."

"The seventh sphere!—Mrs. Trapes says that she cannot command any spirits beyond the first!"

"I have no doubt she is perfectly correct. From all I can gather of these American manifestations, they merely amount to *IMPISM*—the first, easiest, and most deceptive form of any. The fact is, if you will permit me to explain myself so far, that there is a hedge between the material and the spiritual world. In that hedge there is both truth and falsity; but more falsity than truth. It is lined, in the spiritual interior, by the meanest abstracted intellectivities—the

seum, as it were, of sublimated idiosyncrasy — the harlequins, clowns, and pantaloons of disembodiment, who affect to have a kind of separate and mimetic existence. These spirits are, to the neophyte, remarkably troublesome. They have no regard for truth, which is not attained until the third stage, and frequently perplex us by their counterfeits. I remember, when I was a Bachelor, evoking the shade of Shakspeare about a disputed reading, and I was answered by a spirit in his character. The explanation he gave was an exceeding bad one — I see it has been recently adopted by Mr. Collier — but when I came thoroughly to investigate the matter, it turned out that my correspondent was the spirit of young Ireland, the forger."

"So you don't think that Mrs. Trape's spiritual friends can be depended on?" asked Mrs. Nightshade.

"If they belong to the first or second sphere, I should say decidedly not," replied Dunshunner. "They have, in that state, no affinity with crystals, and cannot, by any possibility, make themselves visually apparent."

"And can any spirits do so?" inquired Mrs. Nightshade.

"I believe it is in my power to satisfy you on that point immediately," replied Dunshunner. "May I use the liberty of summoning my familiar?" and he applied a silver whistle to his lips.

The door instantly opened, and the apparition of Katterfelto elicited a slight scream from the ladies. The page was tastefully attired in a close suit of dark crimson faced with black, which set off his elish figure and face to great advantage, whilst a small red cap with a single cock's feather gave him quite the air of a succubus. He carried an oblong morocco case.

"Master! I am here!" quoth Katterfelto, in a tone that would have done credit to the juvenile apparition in Macbeth.

"Good. My crystal — disappear!" Katterfelto vanished in a summer set.

"This ball, my dear madam," continued Dunshunner, opening the case and displaying a translucent sphere, "once belonged to the renowned Cornelius Agrippa. It has many virtues, some of which can be discovered only by the patient adept; but even the uninitiated eye can be convinced that it is the abode of the superior intelligences."

"Dear me," Mr. Dunshunner, what a man you are!" said Mrs. Nightshade. "Do you know I am positively quite frightened for you? And then that odd little creature there, that seemed to come up through the carpet! Upon my word, I begin to suspect that you are a very terrible sort of person. But do let me have a peep at the globe. I shall certainly die if I see a spirit!"

"I would not for the world be the means of causing such an irreparable loss to society," said the polite Dunshunner. "But I fear there is an obstacle in the way of your wishes. The spirits — that is, those of the higher grades — do not make themselves visible to every one. There are some little matters to which they attach singular importance; in fact, I don't think there

has ever been an instance of their appearing to married persons —"

"How absurd, and yet how very odd too! That is exactly what the Cairo magician says."

"Precisely. He operates with a few drops of ink in the palm of a child's hand; but the principle is quite the same. I am afraid Mrs. Nightshade, that neither you nor I are qualified to behold the spirits."

"What — are you married, Mr. Dunshunner?" asked the widow with considerable interest.

"I left a wife in the tents of Araby the Blest. Zorayda — but it boots not speaking of her now! I am satisfied that if Miss Nightshade would be kind enough to take the glass, some spirit would at once become apparent."

"Of course she will! Mary, my dear, — come here and look at the spirits."

"O mamma! I am sure I shall faint if I see anything —"

"Nonsense, child! Did I faint when I saw your father's ghost before the poor dear man died?"

"And I can assure Miss Nightshade," observed Dunshunner, "that the higher intelligences are far too gentlemanly in their feelings to assume any shape that might alarm so fair and innocent a spectator."

Thus assured, Miss Nightshade, who during the previous colloquy had been conversing confidentially with Tiverton, took the glass, and began to gaze into it with laudable perseverance. After a short interval she exclaimed: —

"How very strange it is! Everything seemed to whirl round at first, and now there are distinct shapes. I see something like a corridor, with pillars of amethyst and gold — and now there is a throne, and a figure on it. How very beautiful!"

"I anticipated as much," remarked Dunshunner, calmly. "How is the figure clothed?"

"In azure; and there is something like a lozenge on his breast, sparkling with jewels."

"He wears a crown and carries a sceptre — does he not?"

"Yes. O how lovely! but now it is beginning to fade —"

"I congratulate you, Miss Nightshade," said Dunshunner, replacing the ball in the morocco case, "your destiny is a fortunate one. It is only to the most favored of the children of earth, that Tulco deigns to appear."

"Tulco! O goodness gracious — do pray tell us who Tulco is, Mr. Dunshunner!" cried Mrs. Nightshade in ecstatic curiosity.

"Pardon me, madame. Not in the presence of the spirit is it permitted me to expound that mystery. But I hear the company arriving. Pray oblige me by saying nothing about this."

The company was ushered in. There were Mr. Gibbets the celebrated unbeliever, with a red nose, who had reasoned himself out of the conviction of his own existence; Mrs. Gibbets, a lack-a-daisical woman, who was so far from agreeing with her spouse, that she believed everything that was told her; Mrs. Horsley Hatchet, an independent lady, who looked very like a demirep; and Mr. Batterson, a young philosopher in spectacles, who was most decidedly a spoon. Close upon their heels came Mr. and

Mrs. Trapes; the former an impudent, double-jointed Yankee; the latter a woman of some personal pretensions, but with an unpleasant expression of features; for the mouth was furtive, and the eye indicated cunning. All the party having been seated, Mr. Trapes took upon him the duty of opening the business, which he did in the following address, delivered principally through the nose:—

"We are hyar assembled to-night, ladies and gentleman, to witness some of those extraordinary phenomenons, which if our fathers had seen. I reckon they would have jumped out of their shirt-sleeves. Wonderful are the powers of nature, whether understood or not. There are no limits to the mind; for if there were any, nobody would be able to think at all. What prevents me from fancying myself just now at Massachusetts? Nothing. And if I fancy myself there, who knows that I ain't? Man never dies. Spirits are always immortal, and they come and go where they please. I should know something. I rather guess, about spirits by this time.

"Well, not to make a long story of it—hyar's a table. I ordered it to be made for this respectable lady as has called us together; and what do you think it is made of? It would puzzle creation to beat it. I can tell you. It is made out of nothing less than the original Tyburn tree!"

"Indeed," said Mr. Gibbetts, looking interested.

"How very nasty!" said Mrs. Horsley Hatchet to Dunshunner, next whom she had ensconced herself.

"You may easily reckon that wood knows a thing or two," continued Mr. Trapes. "It has seen some motion in its day, and is as lively as a cheese in the dog-days. That's sympathy. I guess now, there must have been upwards of eight hundred criminals——"

"If I might venture to take the liberty, Mrs. Nightshade," interrupted Dunshunner, "I would suggest to the learned gentleman the propriety of shortening his harangue. The details, though interesting, are slightly revolting, and not peculiarly gratifying to the ladies, as I observe by their waning color. Moreover, I may venture to hint that, although most ready to contribute my mite for the purpose of scientific experiment, I was not prepared, nor am I yet, to expend it for the gratification of listening to this gentleman's oratory. I therefore move that we proceed at once to business."

"I've no objection to make to that," replied Trapes, entirely unabashed. "Business is of course the main thing; and I'll trouble you for ten shillings and sixpence all round. If you don't care about hearing my lecture, that's so much trouble saved; and now that the cash is down, Mrs. Trapes will tell you whenever there are any spirits in the room."

"What do you think of this, sir?" said Mrs. Horsley Hatchet, *sotto voce*, to Dunshunner. "I detest that man; and I can't help thinking that there's some trick going on. I've been feeling about for the foot of the table."

"So I have perceived;" replied Augustus, dryly. "But we may wait long enough for any spiritual manifestations here, beyond what are pro-

duced by purely physical causes. I have seen something of this kind before. But hark! surely there was a rap!"

Undoubtedly it was. A rap, clear, distinct, and free, as if made on, or within the table, by a piece of watch-spring. Mrs. Trapes began to look animated.

"There's a spirit in the room," she said. "I must determine to whom it will address itself;" and after calling the roll without effect, the spirit specified Gibbetts. That gentleman seemed highly gratified.

"I had a kind of presentiment of this," he said; "I have been long expecting a communication. Hand us the alphabet and the pencil, and I shall see if it is the spirit I have hoped for."

S. P. I.—So ran the first letters.

"No doubt of it! It is he!" cried the entranced sceptic, plying his pencil. "How clear was that tap! Eh—what's this—a G?" and he went on. "S. P. I. G. O. T.—Spigot? Damme, who's Spigot? I never knew anybody of that name. I thought it would have been Spinoza!"

"Don't be annoyed!" said Mrs. Trapes soothingly. "The spirits are apt to be a little playful at first, especially when there is not a settled faith. I have seen that happen fifty times. Will you not try it again? Perhaps your friend will announce himself now."

"Thank you for nothing, ma'am," said Gibbetts, sulkily. "It would take a good deal to persuade me that Spinoza, since his death, has become a brewer. I've had quite enough of it. Anybody else, that pleases, may take the pencil."

There was another rap; this time of peculiar tenderness. Mary Nightshade was indicated as the party interested.

She took the pencil; and the following letters appeared—C. U. P. I. D.

"By Jove! 'Tis Palmerston!" cried Dunshunner.

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Trapes; "Lord Palmerston is still alive. It must be the ancient god of the heathen mythology."

"Cupid never dies!" said Mrs. Horsley Hatchet, with a meaning look to Dunshunner.

"How should he," replied the intrepid Augustus, "when we are privileged to behold such splendid incarnations of his mother?"

Mrs. Horsley Hatchet affected to blush.

"There can be no doubt, at all events, about the name of the spirit," said Mrs. Trapes. "I, as the medium, am bound to consider that; and it is for Miss Nightshade to put her own question. But, it must be done through me. May I assume the alphabet, and ask whom it is that Cupid indicates as the true physiological partner of Miss Nightshade's existence?"

"I beg that nothing of the kind may be done," said Mary Nightshade, with considerable spirit. "I desire that no such liberty may be taken with my name under my mother's roof."

"What!" said Mrs. Trapes, "not even though Cupid is waiting? See, now, how naturally the rap comes when the pencil touches the letter S."

"This is beyond endurance!" interrupted Tiverton. "If you persist in annoying Miss Nightshade further, I shall use no ceremony, but toss your trumpery alphabet at once into the fire!"

"Not while I stand here to prevent it," said Mr. Jonathan J. Trapes, whose duty it was, on certain occasions, to act as bully. "Have you no respect, young man, for the spirits?"

"The spirits be——I beg pardon!" said Tiverton. "If there are any here, I dare say my worst wish would not exceed the reality. But I pray you to observe, sir, that you are not now in Yankeeeland, where you can outrage propriety with impunity."

"Hush, Tiverton!" interposed Dunshunner. "No doubt, Mr. Trapes is quite aware that he is not now in Saratoga, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance—an acquaintance unfortunately shortened by the unavoidable circumstances which induced him to take his departure. There, now—a word in season works wonders. I am sure that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Trapes intended to give the smallest offence."

"Certainly not!" said the female medium. "I was only impelled by the spirits."

"Well, I'm darned!" ejaculated the male Trapes. "Glad to meet you again, sir."

"The pleasure is mutual," replied Dunshunner. "But really we must not interrupt the harmony of the evening. I fear the spirits may have reason to complain of something like discourtesy on our part. Did you not say, Mrs. Nightshade, that the spirit of Shelley had promised to attend?"

"O yes! He gave a distinct promise, to that effect, to Mrs. Trapes."

"Really, then," said Dunshunner, "I think it would be very wrong in us to keep him waiting. May I ask who is the writing-medium?"

"I am," said Mr. Jonathan J. Trapes. "Shelley is an awful hand at composing, I can tell you. No later than Tuesday last, I copied off nine hundred lines at a sitting. He jogs one's elbow like a locomotive."

"It is to be hoped he will be more merciful tonight. Is the spirit of Shelley in the room, Mrs. Trapes? Yes? Thank you. Now, Mr. Trapes, please have the kindness to act as amanuensis."

Thus conjured, Trapes sat down, and in a very few minutes produced the following effusion:—

"Is this the spirit life? I guess it is
Another kind of life from that I knew before.
I feel a lightness underspread my senses:
My being is of odors all composed,
Not such as flowers in northern climates breathe,
But rich Savannah waftings of the wild.
One flower there is I love of northern clime—
NIGHTSHADE! strong-minded woman! keep thine
own!

Among the nothingness of reality,
And thorough obscuration of all fact,
Be thou alive, acute, and undismayed.
Cherish the voice that, across the Atlantic Ocean,
Breathes to thee notions of infinite going!
I am transcendent, and that thou shalt be,
When from thine eyes the scales of existence fall,
And death from life shall teach thee all in all!"

"Most beautiful poetry!" remarked Mr. Batterson, who now, for the first time, opened his mouth. The criticism was not without its effect, as some stanzas by Mr. Batterson were known to have appeared in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*.

"What do you think of those lines, Mr. Dunshunner?" inquired Mrs. Horsley Hatchet.

"Simply that Shelley, if he is the author of them, deserves to be breeched in any living academy. But really this will not do! I hope I may, with your permission, Mrs. Nightshade, make one remark. Notwithstanding the eulogium of the gentleman opposite, and without preferring the smallest claim to the character of a critic, I am constrained to say that I do not believe that the lines which we have just heard are the production of the spirit of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Of course, I do not suppose that there is any manner of collusion. The antecedents of Mr. Trapes (with which I am perfectly familiar) preclude any idea of the kind. Still I am thoroughly convinced that the lines which we have just heard were dictated, not by the spirit of Shelley, but by that of some nameless poetaster, who having failed, during his lifetime, in making a reputation, has, in the spiritual state, attempted this imposture, for the purpose of giving currency to his doggrel."

"It ain't difficult to call anything doggrel," observed Mr. Jonathan J. Trapes; "but the question is, whether the spirit of Shelley can produce anything better."

"That is precisely what I wish to try," said Dunshunner. "There can, of course, be no objection to such an experiment."

"Yes, but where's your medium?" said Mr. Trapes. "I guess Shelley's not likely to make himself a fool through me."

"Since you put the question," replied Dunshunner, "it's my duty to inform you, that I am qualified to act as a medium, not only in the first and second grades, but up to the seventh. You have, my good Mr. Trapes, allow me to say, something yet to learn. A graduate of Pultowa, and laureated adept of Cracow, ought to know something of the old Chaldean science."

"Hyar's a pretty go! He denies it to be an American invention!"

"Invention, Mr. Trapes," said Dunshunner, "is, to say the least of it, an awkward phrase. But you shall judge for yourself; and, not to take any advantage of you, I shall adopt the rapping system, and inquire if the real spirit of Shelley is in the room."

"I'll go you a dollar on that!" cried Trapes.

But he was mistaken; for hardly had the words issued from the lips of Dunshunner, before an earnest and repeated tapping sounded through the apartment.

Both the Trapeses looked amazed, and, in fact, very uneasy.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said Dunshunner to Mrs. Trapes, who was gathering up her feet as though she had trod on a rattlesnake; "these manifestations are entirely disconnected with furniture. We have arrived at the fact that the spirit of Shelley is now in the room. Let us now inquire whether he is ready to communicate."

As Dunshunner spoke these words, a strain of unearthly music seemed to permeate the apartment. Mr. Batterson grew very white, and requested permission to retire. As he was of no use to the other members of the party, he was allowed to follow the dictates of his own sweet will.

There was a general and profound silence, which lasted until the music died away.

"And now," said Dunshunner, "I may as well dispose of a mistake into which my friend Mr. Trapes has unwittingly fallen. His doctrine about the media is essentially erroneous. Any one may become a medium in compliance with the wish of the spirit; and I shall put that matter to the test by requesting the late Mr. Shelley to indicate his own amanuensis."

The question was put; and Tiverton was selected by an immense multiplicity of raps. He took his place at the table, and, under the influence of supernatural agency, began to write. Trapes, although a hardened exhibitor, showed evident signs of discomposure; in fact, he was so overcome that he had to supplicate for a glass of brandy to sustain his sinking courage. In an incredibly short time, Tiverton had transcribed the following lines:—

TO MARY.

By night, when spirits wake,
My spirit wanders free;
The moonbeam shines upon the lake,
It lingers in the tree:
The stars above are bright and clear,
Each lustrous as an angel's tear,
But cold, unless, my Mary dear,
They gaze on thee—on thee!

I cannot tell my love,
For spirits may not speak;
But often, in the moonlit grove,
My breath has fann'd thy cheek.
And often have I felt thy heart
Throb up with an unconscious start,
As though thy being formed a part
Of mine, so worn and weak!

The rosebud in its leaf,
It lies so warm and fair,
As if decay nor withering grief
Could ever enter there.
Mary, thou art that bud to me,
For in my heart I've folded thee,
And wintry frosts shall never see
The rose that is my care!

"Shelley himself!" cried Mrs. Horsley Hatchet, sobbingly.

"It ain't so bad," said Mr. Gibbetts, who among his other accomplishments, was a member of an Amateur Musical Society. "I dare say, if it was well set, Hobbs could sing it with some effect. At any rate, it is a great deal better than the former trash."

"It is angelic!" exclaimed Mrs. Nightshade. "Mary, my dear! I wonder very much whether it was meant as a compliment to you!"

"I have no doubt I could resolve that question by a simple interrogatory," said Dunshunner. "But the fact is, that we owe some reciprocal degree of courtesy to the spirits; and really, after the exceedingly kind and flattering attention we have met with this evening, it would be extremely improper to detain the author of *Epipsychidion* any longer. With your permission, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I shall express to him our sincere acknowledgments for the trouble he has taken, and our thanks for the high gratification which he has afforded us."

"Now, would you like to hear a few words from Jefferson?" said Trapes. "Or, if you wish it, I can call up the ghost of Benjamin Franklin in a jiffy. Ben's always ready—or, mayhap, you'd prefer a sentence or two from Robespierre?"

"You are very good, Mr. Trapes," said Mrs. Nightshade; "but after what has taken place to-night, I think we may close the *seance*. There are refreshments below. Will you excuse me for a minute or two, while I say a word to Mr. Dunshunner?"

"Really, my dear Mrs. Nightshade," said Mrs. Horsley Hatchet, laughingly, "you are very *exigeante*. I looked upon the hero of the evening as my beau; and you must excuse me if I hint that I cannot spare him long."

"Only five minutes," said Mrs. Nightshade. "Mr. Dunshunner," she began, after the rest of the company had left the room. "What is your true opinion of these Trapeses? Do tell me, I implore you!"

"In perfect candor, then, madam, they are impostors."

Then how were the rappings produced?"

"By mechanism: which you may easily discover, if, by the aid of a carpenter, you examine the leg and body of that table."

"This is really dreadful, and quite upsets my faith. Mr. Dunshunner, you are a gentleman, and can feel for me. For the last three months these people have been attempting to persuade me that the spirits have been recommending a union between my daughter and a certain individual who shall be nameless."

"Why nameless, my dear madam? You allude, I presume, to Dr. Squills."

"Mr. Dunshunner, you are indeed a conjuror!"

"Not I! I daresay I might keep up the character; but the confidence you have been kind enough to show me, Mrs. Nightshade, renders that impossible. Like Prospero, I now break my wand and bury my book."

"But the exhibition of to-night—so amazing—so triumphant?"

"Was really nothing. I simply wished to show how easy it was to deceive, if people are ready to be deceived; and it was no great exertion of intellect to outwit the Trapeses."

"But the magical sphere—and the Tulco?"

"That was an optical delusion, which I could explain in two minutes if it were worth the while. In short, Mrs. Nightshade, I must confess myself equally an impostor with those Americans; but my motive was a very different one."

"I am absolutely quite bewildered! What could your motive be?"

"Friendship towards a most deserving and exemplary young man, who loves your daughter dearly."

"I begin to see light—you mean Mr. Tiverton?"

"Precisely. He is an excellent fellow, and worth a thousand Squills."

"Did you write those lines for Shelley?"

"No—on my honor, they were Tiverton's own."

"I never thought he could have produced anything so good! But, since we have arrived at

this length, we can have no half-confidences, Mr. Dunshunner. I am, in some measure, engaged to forward the suit of Dr. Squills to my daughter. He would have been here this evening but for a particular engagement."

"May I venture to ask the nature of it?" said Dunshunner.

"Well—but you must not laugh at me. The fact is, that Dr. Squills excused himself from coming here this evening, on the ground that he expected to be magnetized by the shade of Morrison the Hygeist."

"A very sufficient reason! Now, Mrs. Nightshade, if you choose, you may set this matter to rest at once. My carriage is at the door. Go with me to the apartments of Dr. Squills, and we shall be able to ascertain whether or not he is under magnetic influence."

"You are a strange man, Mr. Dunshunner, and I do not know whether I ought to trust myself with you; but I am greatly inclined to make the trial. But won't our friends below miss us?"

"It is a mere step, madam; and the occasion justifies a slight breach of etiquette."

In a few minutes they were admitted into the lodging-house of Dr. Squills. A strong odor of tobacco filled the passage, and from the first floor there was heard a chorus, announcing that the performers did not intend to visit their places of individual abode until the morning.

"This is very shocking!" said Mrs. Nightshade. "I am certain we must have made a mistake."

"None, whatever, my dear madam," said Dunshunner; "we are, in fact, just in the very nick of time." And he opened the door of the apartment.

There were within six jolly souls—at least six souls that had been jolly, for four of them seemed nearly comatose. The chairman, Squills, was attempting in vain to light his pipe at the gas-jet whilst the croupier, a dingy-complexioned and remarkably ugly man, was engaged in the reconstruction of a damaged corkscrew.

"Halloo, old fellows! How are ye?" cried Squills, glaring vacantly at the entrants. "Come in, and have a noggin! Petticoats, by Jove! Lord help me, it's mother Nightshade!"

"Let us receive her," said the croupier, "in a manner befitting our Society. She is not, like the Somerville, mistress of those philosophic gifts which have churned the stars into that milky way, whereof the constellations are the cream. She has not, like the Martineau, descended in the diving-bell of political economy, to detach the zoophytes of truth from the naked crag of

their existence. She has not, like Boadicea, Deborah, and other prophetesses—"

"Silence, fellow!" said the strong-minded woman; "and you, Dr. Squills, explain, if you can, the meaning of this disgusting orgy. Is this your pretended appointment with the spirit of the departed Morrison?"

"There she goes, like a ship on fire, discharging red-hot guns!" muttered the croupier.

"It is rather a funny circumstance!" replied Squills, attempting to look facetious. "The fact is, that the late Morrison, for whom I had a profound respect, was otherwise engaged; and one or two friends dropped in accidentally for a little literary conversation—How's Mary?"

"Sir, you have seen the last of her. My eyes are now fully opened to your true character; and I leave you with that contempt which you deserve."

"Madam!" said the croupier, making an ineffectual attempt to rise. "It is evident to me that you have not, like Tisphone or Hecate——"

"Stand out of my way, man! and do not touch me at your peril!" said the irate Mrs. Nightshade, forcing her way to the landing-place.

The four jolly-souls that were comatose merely gave a faint hurrah.

During their transit to the lady's house, Dunshunner preserved unbroken silence. Mrs. Nightshade was too angry to be hysterical, but no sooner had she reached home, than she said:—

"Mr. Dunshunner, you will confer a particular favor on me, if you will desire my daughter and Mr. Tiverton to speak with me in the drawing-room. I cannot endure the idea of again meeting those American people."

Augustus readily obeyed; and in a minute or two afterwards the trio were in the drawing-room.

"Mary, my child!" said the strong-minded woman, giving way to the impulse of natural feeling, "I fear I have used you ill, and made you unhappy. Forgive me—I have been foolish; but I hope that the lesson of to-night will make me wiser for the future. Mr. Tiverton—have you anything to say?"

"Much, dearest Mrs. Nightshade! your daughter——"

"Will probably have no objection to unite her destiny with yours! I am glad of it, and you have my blessing provided you have her consent."

"It appears to me," observed Dunshunner, "that in the absence of previous explanation, the spirit of Shelley did good service to-night in rapping the question."

"And silence, I trust I may believe, gives consent?" added Tiverton, taking Mary Nightshade's unresisting hand.

AN ARCHBISHOP IN THE PHILIPPINES.—"Notwithstanding the prejudices of my honorable friend the archbishop, I never had the slightest disagreement with him during the whole period of my residence at Jala-Jala. I had but one fault to find with him, which was that he did not lecture his parishioners sufficiently. He preached but one sermon a year, and that was always the same, and divided into two parts; the

first in Spanish, for our benefit, the second in Tagal, for the Indians. Ah! how many have I met with since then, who should have imitated the good priest of Jala-Jala! When I sometimes made an observation to him:—'Leave me alone,' he replied, 'and fear nothing; it needs not so many words to make a good Christian.' Perhaps he was right."—*La Gironnière's Twenty Years in the Philippines.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. IX. — N. P. WILLIS.

THAT eminent N. P. Willis. Eminently the poet of good society, says Griswold, who loves (*ornare*) to adorn him. Eminently amusing, whatever he may write about, says Thackeray, who loves (*subridere*) to gently flout him. Eminently in pencillings and poetizings, as *feuilletoniste* and as *attaché*, in romantic inklings of adventure and in the conventionalisms of *salon* life. Eminently the Representative Man of American cockneyism; for in the lines of his compatriot, Mr. Lowell,

He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
Where plain bare-skin's the only full dress that is
worn,
He'd have given his own such an air that you'd
say
'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broad-
way.

This jaunty, pert, quasi-distinguished air appertains, more or less, to all the eminent man's writings. Not that it is substituted for good sense, or sagacious reflection at times, or dashing cleverness of description. No Mr. Willis is a clever writer, and can produce really smart sayings, and even tasteful fancies, almost *à discretion*. But in reading him you never lose sight, for a couple of pages together, of the writer's intense self-consciousness — of his precautions against being merged in his subject — of his resolve to haunt you with the scent of his perfumed kerchiefs, and the glitter of his jewelled attire, and the creak of his jappaned boots; never do you escape, as it were, the jingle of rings on his fingers and rings on his toes, wherewith he makes music wherever he goes — be it to Banbury Cross or the Boulevards, Niagara or Chamouny, Auld Reekie, or the literal Modern Athens.

While yet in *statu pupillari* at Yale College, Mr. Willis appeared in print as a "religious" poet, and made something of a sensation, it is said. Thus encouraged, volume followed volume — a good sprinkling of "religious" verses in each. There are some excellent things, too, among these miscellanies; nor let it be supposed for a moment that we speak scoffingly of poetry often distinguished by touching beauty and simple purity of tone. Most readers of verse are familiar with that fine scriptural study, the "Healing of the Daughter of Jairus," — though even that somehow reminds one, with a saving difference, of the scriptural studies of certain Parisian *conteurs*. "Melanie" is a melodiously accented and feelingly rendered tale of brotherly devotion — for an acquaintance with which many English lovers of poetry felt grateful to its English editor, Barry Cornwall — though Bon Gaultier and other critics express their gratitude somewhat ironically, and while accusing the poet of perpetually quoting and harping on his poem, love to cap his die-away verses,

The moon shone cold on the castle court,
Oh, Melanie! oh, Melanie!

with some such uncomplimentary compliment as this,

And the baron he called for something short,
Oh, villany! oh, villany!

"The Dying Alchymist" is another of his most successful pieces — a very effectively told story of an aged suicide — one who, sent blind-fold on a path of light had turned aside to perish — "a sun-bent eagle stricken from his high soaring down — an instrument broken with its own compass." The dramatic poem entitled "Lord Ivon" has also won large approval — containing as it does passages of more sustained vigor and less finical pretence than the author's wont. Some of his shorter fragments, devoted to household ties and the domestic affections, are, however, his likeliest claims to anything beyond ephemeral repute — marked as these are, sometimes in a memorable degree, by a tenderness and sincerity of emotion that at once conciliate censorship, and that have probably made more than one hostile critic shed "some natural tears," however scrupulous his highness may have been to wipe them soon.

Nevertheless, Mr. Willis can hardly be ranked very high among poets, and those American poets. His strains are too glib and fluent, too dainty sweet and prettily equipped, too evidently the recreation of an easy-minded essayist, instead of being fraught with sighs from the depths of a soul travelling in the greatness of its strength. He sings, and we listen as to one who has a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument; and having heard him, we pass on, and forget the melody, though we do not forget what manner of man he was. Speaking of a lyrical minstrel — some say, the eminent N. P. Willis himself — Emerson describes his head as a music-box of delicate tunes and rhythms, and his skill and command of language as never to be sufficiently praised. To whomsoever this may refer, what follows will apply to his Eminence; "But when the question arose, whether he were not only a lyrist, but a poet, we were obliged to confess that he is plainly a contemporary, not an eternal man." Yes; that is unmistakably true of N. P. Willis. Plainly a contemporary — a nineteenth-century being — coeval with Gore House — synchronous with the fashion of "Hurrygraphs." Not at all an eternal man — although the North American Review, in its pride and pleasure, *did* dub him the American Euripides, and thereby gave the cue to a thousand wittols to exclaim, A very American one indeed! Emerson goes on to say of his lyrist, that he does not stand out of our low limitations, like a Chimborazo under the line, running up from the torrid base through all the climates of the globe with belts of the herbage of every latitude on its high and mottled sides; but is rather the landscape garden of a modern house, adorned with fountains and statues, with well-bred men and women standing and sitting in the walks and terraces. "We hear, through all the varied music, the ground-tone of conventional life. Our poets are men of talents who sing, and not the children of music. The argument is secondary, the finish of the verses is pri-

mary"—in disregard of the truth that it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem—that in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form—"a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." How plainly Mr. Willis is thought a contemporary, not an eternal man,* by the scribe of *Bigelow Papers*, Miss Bremer's Apollo's Head, let these lines testify:

There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlarding
'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for
saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose!

Conception is a blessing, is Hamlet's general proposition. But here the poet will think its quality strained, *not* blessing him that gives and him that takes. Rather he will quote Hamlet's subsequent words, Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says things—

All which, interpose we old folks, we most powerfully and potently believe. Under protest, however, from a few missy admirers of the Penciller's flourishes—to whom his patron Muse would be in the shabby *deshabille* without the nasal circlet *ut supra*.

But it is to his prose that N. P. Willis owes, after all, the epigraph of Eminent. Who has not whiled away an hour in pleasant light reading of his purveying? Who has not heard of the amusement and eke the bad blood excited by his "Pencilings by the Way?" That "famous and clever N. P. Willis," as Mr. Titmarsh calls him, "whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders—amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem." There would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses," adds Mr. Titmarsh (in the sixth number of *The Proser*), "were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honor of the profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done." The illustrious stranger's *resumes* of the table-talk and drawing-room doings of his illustrious hosts and hostesses, were amazingly relished, notwithstanding.

* In appraising himself, by-the-by, Mr. Willie has characteristically said, "I would willingly take a chance for immortality sandwiched between Cooper and Campbell." This was said *apropos* of his going to reside between Cooper's abode and poetic Wyoming.

ing the outcry elicited. Indeed, it is curious to observe, to this day, how reviewers and critics, big, little, and middle-sized, after indignantly crying shame on those imitators of Mr. Willis, who jot down in their journals and books of travel personal anecdotes and descriptions touching the notables they may have dined withal,—proceed forthwith to select, for quotation, the raciest bits of domestic gossip, the very essential oil of the personality just denounced. This should never have been seen in print, they swear, in their first column. In their second, they give it, whole and entire, the benefit of their own extended circulation.

Not that we are pleading for Mr. Willis's achievements as Gossipry's "Own Correspondent" and envoy to the privacies of literary and fashionable life. On the contrary, in reading his reports of what he heard and saw said and done there, we find it indispensable to have in remembrance the caution of that high literator,* whom of all others, Mr. Willis seemingly hates with most perfect hatred,—viz., that to report conversations fairly, it is a necessary prerequisite, that we should be completely familiar with all the interlocutors, and understand thoroughly all their minutest relations, and points of common knowledge and common feeling, with each other; and that he who is not thus qualified, must be in perpetual danger of misinterpreting sportive allusion into serious statement; and may transmit what was some jocular phrase or half-phrase, intelligible only to an old companion, into a solidified opinion which the talker had never framed, or if he had, would never have given words to in any mixed assemblage—"not even among what the world calls friends at his own board." But again, we fancy that a vast deal of the abuse showered down on the American *attache's* head, was sham sentiment, and that he was made something like the scapegoat in this matter. Somebody, however, behooed to be the scapegoat; and while the hapless individual suffered, the general public benefited by the protest thus uttered, on the whole sincerely or not, against what was tending to become an intolerable nuisance. Accordingly, when it was last announced that N. P. Willis had again arrived in England, that vigilant wag *Punch* thought it a duty to say as much:—"We mention this fact for the benefit of those would-be literary gentlemen who are anxious to appear in print, as an invitation to Mr. Willis for dinner will be certain to secure them the advantages of publication without any risk or expense. Literary gentlemen are cautioned, however, against speaking too freely in their conversation after dinner, as mistakes have been known to occur in the best regulated memories—even in Mr. N. P. Willis's. For testimonials, apply to the editor of the *Quarterly*, or any one mentioned in Mr. Willis's American works, when he was last in England."

Happily, Mr. Willis is a lively rattle, not easily abashed, or liable to be put out of spirits by

* "This reptile of criticism," Mr. Willis calls him; adding, "he has turned and stung me. Thank God! I have escaped the slime of his approbation." That *Deo gratias* is a master-stroke in its way.

the dull jokes of British malcontents. They will not put him out of countenance by allusions to brass, or his nose out of joint by piercing a ring through it. A liberal public has been found to patronize his lucubrations; and so he has gone on writing, and re-writing, and patching together odds and ends, and dressing up faded beauties with new cuffs and collars, and cramming *crambe repetita* into new *spicilegia*, and entertaining easy souls with a rapid succession of "People I have met," "Hurrygraphs," "Summer Excursions in the Mediterranean," "Life here and there," "A Health Trip to the Tropics," and many an other *Excursus*, related with what Theseus calls

The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Seneca is a great deal too heavy for Mr. Willis, but Plantus not a whit too light. He is effervescent with animal spirits, and dashes you off a gay, buoyant aphorism with the *bonhomie* of Harold Skimpole himself. Trifles light as air float beamingly through his volumes—the flimsy texture whereof almost justifies at times the satire of Tom Moore, on book-making tactics:

No matter with what their remembrance is stock'd,
So they'll only remember the *Quantum desir'd*;
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, oct.,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprit*.

Like Dibdin may tell of each farcical frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
That gingerbread-cakes always gives them the colic.

But then our Penciller is not prosy, and has the art ever to keep the attention simmering. Never hum-drumming himself, he never lets you snore. Only let him suspect you of a preliminary yawn, or an incipient drowsiness, and he'll soon mend that by a playful poke in the costal regions, or some such coup-de-main of infallible virtue. The style he can command when at his best—which, probably, is when he is least ambitious of effect*—is a capital vehicle for the chatty coxcomberies it hurries along.

His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive, where he might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unladen,
It runs like a stream, with a musical waste,

* After declaring that Willis's nature is

"A glass of champagne with the form on't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont,"

Mr. Lowell adds, what would read as well without the questionable comparison with our dramatic Diocuri,

"So his best things are done in the flush of the moment;
If he wait, all is spoilt; he may stir it and shake it,
But the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it."

And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep:—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
In a country where scarcely a village is found
That has not its author sublime and profound,
For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.

It is in fact just the style for his public—the public of magazine readers, railway students, first-of-the-month folks—who gallop through an article of smooth trim surface as swiftly as Camilla scours the plain, but who are not equal to your cross-country work, and are, after all, most at home when ambling along macadamized road and wooden pavement.

From The Times 19 November.

THE TIMES ON TURKEY.

The time is come when, in spite of the obscurity which still hangs over the intelligence received from the theatre of war, we may proceed to examine some of the effects of these important events on the political relations of Europe, and especially to consider them in connection with the policy, the interests, and the duties of this country and our allies. This much is already certain, that we have entered upon a state of things in which the positive course of events and the terrible necessities of war have superseded the pretences of diplomacy, and the ambiguous or hesitating language of negotiation. The cannon of Isakchi and the passage of the Danube at Widdin terminated the labors of the Vienna Conference, and struck to the ground the half-fledged projects of pacification which were fluttering over Europe. From the moment that the Turkish declaration of war was followed by actual hostilities, soon to be answered by the violent manifesto of the emperor NICHOLAS, all schemes for the prevention of this contest were at an end; the well-meant but fruitless attempt of the Four Powers to patch up the quarrel, lost all possibility of immediate success; and henceforth we know that the struggle can only be terminated by the adoption of regular preliminaries, and the ultimate conclusion of a treaty of peace. That is the object which all the Powers not yet implicated as principals in this war must have in view; that is the object to which, of course, the efforts of the belligerents themselves must be directed. But, in the meantime, the question itself has been enormously extended. We have no longer to deal with the comparatively narrow point of a Russian protectorate of the Orthodox Church, shadowed forth in a diplomatic paper, but all the past and future relations of these two empires are thrown open to controversy; all existing treaties between them, from the treaty of Kainardji in 1774 to the convention of Balta Liman, are annulled; the anomalous arrangements extorted at different times from the Porte by Russian conquest, with reference to the Eastern Church, the Holy Places, and the Principalities of the Danube, are at an end; and it depends entirely upon the final result of this war, and the attitude assumed by Europe on these questions, in what form and to what extent these stipulations are ever re-

newed. If Turkey, either by her own exertions or with the assistance of the other Powers of Europe, is enabled hereafter to treat for peace on equal or superior terms, she will have shaken off a series of conditions intended to place her in humiliating subjection to Russian influence. If Russia succeeds in crushing the forces of the Ottoman empire, and braving the common interests and policy of the rest of Europe, it cannot be doubted that she would not only exact the revival of all her former treaties, but would impose terms still more onerous to the Ottoman empire and fatal to the independence of the East. To such a result it is needless to say that Great Britain, France, and the German Powers cannot in honor or in policy submit, and that if Turkey were reduced to the condition she was in when the treaties of Bucharest and Adrianople were signed, we should be bound by every consideration, and at all hazards, to oppose the enlarged pretensions of the Court of St. Petersburg. Russia has therefore no choice, but in the manner in which she may abandon these pretensions; if she actually undergoes a defeat by the Turks—improbable and unforeseen as such an event would appear—she ignominiously loses the results of a century of ambition and intrigue; if she triumphs over the resistance opposed to her by the Turkish forces, she must be prepared to encounter behind those forces two, at least, of the greatest nations of the world, who have, indeed, a great and wise reluctance to take up arms, but who will most assuredly never lay them down, if war be once begun, until they have chastised the enemy of the peace of Europe and dictated the terms of an honorable settlement.

Such is, in either alternative, the result to which the Russian Government and the other States of Europe must now be prepared to look; for, although in the course of a protracted negotiation every expedient of forbearance and even misplaced confidence has been exhausted, we have now to deal with a different state of things, and the duties of the British Government, as one of the chief defenders of existing rights and treaties, become more imperative. A long and sanguinary war, supposing that it could be confined exclusively to the present belligerents, would only bring matters to this point at last; and, however difficult it may now be to allay the passions kindled on both sides by the excitement of success and the resentment of defeat, we hold it to be not entirely impossible that Europe might still, by a firm and united attitude, arrest at some favorable and not distant moment the continuance of hostilities. For, whether the Russians receive a check in Wallachia, or whether by a sudden revulsion, and the arrival of reinforcements from Bessarabia, the fate of the campaign is changed, and the Turks are again driven across the Danube, a moment must shortly occur between the termination of this campaign and the ulterior operations of the war, and the use made of that moment will probably be decisive as to the possibility of extinguishing this conflagration. The Emperor of Russia has hitherto affected not to entertain projects destructive of the Ottoman empire, and long after he had crossed the Pruth he continued to deny the existence of actual war.

It would even seem from the condition of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's *corps d'armée* that he was ill-prepared to meet an enemy in the field. But the day of delusions is past. If the Emperor of Russia is now resolved to persist in the wild and wicked course which has already sullied the reputation of his Government and the honor of his arms, he has nothing before him but war—war without a well-wisher or an ally—war on every frontier of his enormous dominions. Every success obtained by his armies, if they are capable of success, would only call a fresh enemy into the field; and, though Europe might now urge on both parties a peace founded on the *status quo ante bellum*, Russia may rely upon it that she will not come out of this contest, if she provokes its continuance, without an injury to her political influence and consideration even more fatal to her than the destruction of her fleets and the waste of her resources. The bitterest enemy that empire ever had could desire no greater punishment to fall on NICHOLAS and on his people than that he should be so deluded and exasperated by the position in which he has placed himself as to pursue this career to the end; and the greatest service to be rendered him by his own connections and allies would be to rescue him, even by force, from the consequences of his folly.

If the German Powers had the courage and wisdom at this crisis to act up to the declarations they have constantly made, and to join heart and hand with France and England in defence of the cause of peace, it is impossible to doubt that Europe has the power to enforce its will. The present operations in the Danubian Provinces will probably be interrupted ere long either by the season or by the attainment of some definite result of the campaign. What would be the effect at such a time of a combined mediation of Powers resolved, if necessary, to assert their strength, and prepared to enter into a defensive alliance with the Ottoman empire, if hostilities were renewed? The powers have tried, with very indifferent success, to *propose* terms of accommodation; are they altogether unprepared to *impose* them? If England and France are driven by the obligations they have already morally assumed in this question to employ the forces now assembled within the Dardanelles, that resolution will, of course, materially affect the issue of the war, but we cannot flatter ourselves that it will at once terminate the contest. Russia still counts the neutrality of her German neighbors as so much weight on her side in the struggle, and she hopes ere long to engage them altogether in opposition to the Western Powers. No peace can be peremptorily imposed on Russia and Turkey but with the coöperation of Germany, and if the calamity of a general war do ensue from these miserable causes, the Courts of Vienna and Berlin will, next to that of St. Petersburg, stand responsible for it to posterity, if they neglect to perform their part in repelling this aggression. If Russia can be brought to submit to terms at all, it must be by the consideration of her isolated position, and by the unanimous resolution of the Powers interested in the preservation of peace, to treat, if necessary, as an enemy that Sovereign who disturbs it. If no such union be

effected, and no such resolution taken, we may, indeed, find ourselves embroiled in hostilities, but the end of these disastrous events is not near; and the Western Powers will have to deal, not only with the hazards of remote warfare, but with the elements of agitation and change already fermenting with increased energy in almost every part of the continent of Europe.

From the Times 1 Dec.

The commencement of naval hostilities on the Black Sea between squadrons of the Turkish and Russian fleets will be an event of considerable interest and novelty; for the naval strength of both countries must be regarded as untried in its present form, and there is hardly any sea on the globe which has witnessed so few naval contests as the Euxine. Scarcely eighty years have elapsed, since the *Porte* consented to open the Black Sea to the merchant flags of foreign nations, which had been jealously excluded from it since the expulsion of the Genoese in the fifteenth century. The creation of the Black Sea fleet of Russia may be said to date from the present century, and when the last war between the two empires took place and the disaster of Navarino had recently deprived the Turks of all means of maritime warfare. The passage of the Bosphorus has been still more strictly guarded by the policy of the *Porte* and by treaty against the naval flags of the other European powers; and we believe that, with the exception of a short cruise of the *Blonde* frigate, under Captain *LYONS*, about the year 1823, no English ship has entered the Euxine; certainly none has entered it for purposes of war. In spite of the extensive trade carried on by British vessels with the mouths of the Danube, Odessa, Cherson, and Taganrog, the navigation of this sea, more especially of the Asiatic coast of it, is little known; and we enter upon a new field in considering the effects to the Russian empire of an attack to which it has never yet been exposed. There is no doubt, however, that, in strict conformity to existing treaties, the Black Sea is now open in time of war, with the consent of the *Porte*, to the naval flags of all the Powers, and Russia has no reason to express surprise that we should avail ourselves of this opportunity to improve our knowledge on the subject. Indeed, while two Russian vessels, the *Navarin* and the *Aurora*, continue week after week to hang about Portsmouth Dockyard for repairs, we are bound to presume that an English squadron would, in case of need, find the same hospitable reception from the Imperial authorities at Sebastopol. The British steamers *Retribution*, *Tiger*, *Niger*, and *Sampson*, under the command of Captain *DRUMMOND*, had not started on their cruise on the 16th inst., and it is possible that their movements may have been countermanded. But the object proposed by Lord *STRATFORD* and Admiral *DUNDAS* was certainly not a hostile demonstration, and we believe these vessels were to be sent merely to take off Mr. *COLQUHOUN*, our late Consul-General in the Principalities, and to view the state of the mouths of the Danube.

The Turkish squadron under *MUSCHAUER PASHA*, better known in the British service as Captain *ADOLPHUS SLADE*, has sailed with more warlike intentions, and although its destination was not known with precision, if it be true that a Russian squadron has come out of Sebastopol, we have no doubt that Admiral *SLADE*'s destination will be wherever he can fall in with the enemy. This Turkish force consists, it seems, of a line-of-battle ship and six frigates, with a complement of steamers, in which the Turks are better provided than the Russians, their engines being all worked by English firemen. Some of the Turkish frigates are very powerful vessels; Captain *SLADE*'s own ship is a double-banked frigate of 72 guns on two decks, as large in all respects as one of our old seventy-fours. These ships have been at sea during a great part of the summer, which the larger line-of-battle ships have not, and they may fairly be able to hold their own against an equal Russian force.—The discipline and system on board are entirely borrowed from the English navy by the persevering exertions of Captain *SLADE*, his predecessor, Sir *BALDWIN WALKER*, and Captain *BORLASE*, the instructor in gunnery. The crews and officers are Turkish, and are described as excellent artillerymen, though second-rate seamen; in that respect, however, they are perhaps not inferior to their antagonists. If the weather should prove rough, and the winter set in with its accustomed severity in that climate, both squadrons would probably suffer more by the sea and the extreme rigor of cold than by the enemy.

The legendary fears of antiquity accumulated all the monsters of the deep between the "sounding Symplegades" and the shores of Colchis; and modern science has not had the same opportunities of observation in these waters which it possesses in other parts of the globe. No doubt the terrors of this sea have been exaggerated, and it is not more tempestuous than other seas; but it is subject to sudden and dense fogs, the coast is rude and ill-provided with harbors, and the climate in winter is intensely cold, inasmuch that the thermometer sometimes descends to zero (Fahrenheit), and the bays and estuaries on the north and western coast are, to some extent, frozen. An effective blockade of these coasts during winter would, therefore, be an operation of great difficulty. It seems, however, to be agreed for the present by the belligerents that no restrictions are to be put upon the trade of neutrals, and with regard to Russian ships, whether of war or commerce, we have no doubt that the officers directing the operations of the Turkish squadron had rather that they should come out than remain in harbor; for, once at sea, in an enclosed basin which affords them no escape, and few points of refuge, their fate would be inevitable, unless they succeed in defeating the Turkish naval power.

The political and military consequences to Russia of the loss of the security she has hitherto enjoyed in the Black Sea are incalculable. She not only ceases to be invulnerable on her whole southern frontier, but every point on which she is weakest lies open to direct attack,

should hostilities assume a more serious character. The trade of the whole of Southern Russia, and of the vast basin watered by the Dniester, the Bug, and the Dnieper can be interrupted. Odessa would be at the mercy of the enemy. Sebastopol might be blockaded or attacked, and there is reason to believe that its sea-ward batteries are of inferior force to the weight of metal which might be brought against it, while the place is ill-fortified in the rear. The fort of Ozakoff, the arsenal of Nicolaieff, and the building yards of Cherson are said to be very imperfectly protected, the Russians having apparently contented themselves with defences sufficient to ward off the Turks. The whole Crimea is peculiarly open to attack by sea, and forces despatched for the defence of that peninsula must cross the enormous steppes which divide it from Russia Proper. The towns on the sea of Azoff are defended, only by the difficulty of navigating that shallow inlet. Circassia and Georgia, and all the country from the Tereh to the Araxes are held chiefly by small forts along the coast, and by supplies and reinforcements sent by sea. An enemy disposing of a competent maritime force, especially of steamers, and having his base of operations on the Bosphorus, would be able, in a space of time varying from three to eight days, to attack any point on about 2,000 miles of coast, and the facilities for carrying on such operations are in the proportion of the diameter to the circumference of the Black Sea. The Russians, on the contrary, if they had this circumference to defend, and had lost the command of the sea, would find themselves absolutely precluded by distance, by the absence of roads, and by the wild nature of the country, from effecting any concentration of force. The policy of the emperor NICHOLAS has not only roused the Turks to collect a considerable naval armament, capable, perhaps, of meeting the Russian fleet without disadvantage, but it has brought into the Bosphorus, for the first time in history, the most powerful squadrons which England and France have for many years, we might, indeed, say ever, sent to sea. He has contributed to place this force within reach of everything that is most vulnerable in his dominions, and he has directed the attention of Europe to points which place our relations to the Russian empire in a new light. By opening the Black Sea to foreign navies, a far greater blow has been given to the security of Russia than Turkey has received from the temporary occupation of the Principalities. That is the present position of the game. We hope it may not be necessary to give effect to measures which cannot be executed without all the evils of war, but that such measures can be executed, if necessary, with rapidity and success by the forces now in the Turkish waters it is not possible to doubt. Thus far Russia has gained nothing by these transactions; for an enemy who can hold the Black Sea against her has in his grasp the dearest interests of one half her empire, while she is reduced to a defensive attitude, and must eventually yield. At the same time, it is the presence of the combined squadrons of England and France that places Russia in this position, and it is the duty of mediating Powers to take care

that no unfair advantage be taken of their support to raise impracticable conditions or to prolong the war.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LAST WORDS OF A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

[SUGGESTED BY THE FATE OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO WAS LOST IN CROSSING MOUNT WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1849.]

Oh! 'tis as though a century had past,
Since on the vale beneath I looked my last;
And yet, 'twas but this morning, glad of heart,
I left its shades, nor feared from friends to part:
Friends! coldly falls that word upon my ear;
Where are they now? My voice they cannot hear.

Though all is silent round, the muffled air
To them the words of mine will downwards bear.

Alas! Alas! how quickly wanes the day;
No longer can I trace my onward way;
The stream my only guide, has ceased to flow,
And frozen dead, lies buried 'neath the snow.
Uncertain shapes, that fill my soul with dread;
Loom through the mists, like visions of the dead;
And high in air, sharp crag and icy peak,
Look frowning down, as they could vengeance wreak.

On man's presumption, daring thus to tread
A realm whence every living thing hath fled.
Thick heavy fogs obscure the sky; no star,
To guide the wanderer's step shines from afar,
And 'neath, seen dimly through the dusky air,
Are sights and forms of horror everywhere:
Rivers, whilst raging, struck to sudden rest,
Their towering waves in rigid heaps compress,
Steep Alps that shelve to deep ravines below,
Where noiseless sinks the ever falling snow.
Dread wastes whence soon my dying groans shall rise,

And break the silence of these gloomy skies.
Far easier 'twere on battle-field to die,
Than midst this stillness, 'neath this leaden sky.
But sure! this cannot be the gentle earth.
That loves her children, even from their birth;
No mother ever thus forsook her child,
With whom in grief she wept, in joy she smiled;
Then why, where'er I look, beneath, above,
Does Nature give no sign of tender love,
But, deaf and pitiless, shuts out my prayer,
And leaves me to the madness of despair.
Oh, it is terrible, with sobs of pain
To gasp for air, then heave it forth again,
And while each moment fiercer grows the cold,
To feel its iron grasp my limbs enfold.
Alas! I know not if 'tis cold or heat,
Which makes the ground thus scorch my aching feet;

The snow, in flakes of fire, falls on my head,
And withers up my brain — would I were dead.

What! is it thus I must for sin atone,
Pass through the travail of my soul alone?
What! shall the tortured body rob the soul
Of all its strength its sufferings to control?
When will these struggles end, and I be free!

Would, without dying, I could come to thee.
Oh God, my God. Ah! have I not till now
Upon thee called, strength of the lonely, Thou,
Dear father, look on me with pitying eye,
If thou art near, in calmness I shall die,
Though chilling glaciers raise their heads around,
And corpse-like lakes my dying form surround.

Yet fear hath gone, for all Thou dost is right,
By darkness Thou preparest us for light;
And blest, thrice blest, Almighty God, are those
With Christ who travail ere they taste repose.
On Calvaries of suffering thus to sigh
The soul away, is better than to die
In sheltered vales, where mists too oft arise,
And from them hide the sun and azure skies.

The dreadful past is fading from my view,
I know and feel that Thou, Lord God, art true,
And now thy guardian angel's waiting by,
To calm my struggles, catch my latest sigh.
With softest touch, they close my weary eyes,
And on their wings my spirit homeward flies.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—Lieut. Parsons, in his "Nelsonian Reminiscences," relates the following:—

Richard Bennett, when mortally wounded in one of Nelson's great battles, had requested that a miniature and lock of his hair should be given by Lieut. P. to his sweet-heart Susette, in Scotland. The gallant lieutenant thus describes the interview:—

It was at the close of a day, when a bright July sun was setting, that I arrived at the pretty cottage of Susette's mother. I tremulously stated who I was, to the most respectable looking matron I ever saw, of French extraction. In broken, bitter accents of heart-felt grief, she told me her daughter's death was daily expected, and requested time to prepare her to see me.

At last she expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennett, and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve, and I found the world unequal to her in charms. She was propped up with the pillows, near the open lattice of her bedroom, that was clustered with roses. Her white dress and the drapery of the room, accorded with the angelic vision, who now turned her lustrous eyes upon me, veiled in long, fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine as I stooped to kiss it; and as she felt my tears fall on it, softly murmured:—"I wish I could cry; it would relieve my poor heart." She gasped for breath and respired with difficulty.—"The lock of hair, quickly, let me see it." She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her heart, and fell back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted, but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God.

"MR. WASHINGTON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir—Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New-York correspondent has made public in this country.

In the first Number of a periodical story which I am now publishing appears a sentence, in which I should never have thought of finding any harm until it had been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:—

"When pigtailed grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when Ministers went in their star and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,—there came to London, out of a northern country, Mr.," etc.

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and, from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he, too, thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic's comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming up to London between the years 1770-80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's industrious apprentice.) I fancy the old society with its hoops and powder—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury-bench—the news-readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural and pretty consecutive: 1776—the people in London in '76—the Lords and House of Commons in '76—Lord North—Washington—what the people thought about Washington,—I am thinking about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington "Mr. Washington," as we called Frederick the Great "the Protestant Hero," or Napoleon "the Corsican tyrant," or "General Bonaparte." Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington "Mr. Washington?" and that the Americans were called "rebels" during the whole of that contest? Rebels!—of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend; let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.

I am, Sir your very faithful servant,
W. H. THACKERAY

Athenaeum, Nov. 22.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following books:

An Index to Periodical Literature. By Wm. Fred. Poole, A. M., Librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library Association. New York: Charles B. Norton. London: Sampson Low. This is really a very important book; and we can only wonder how, for so long a time, we have managed to do without it. It is henceforth one of the indispensables of student life, a contribution to literature which enforces its own value, like an Almanac, a Directory, or a Concordance. Not alone the literary man, but also the student in libraries and colleges, and the plain reading man in his own parlor, has sighed for such a work, when in need of special information on some favorite or important topic. All the leading periodicals of England and America, except the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*, the omission of which we should judge to be an oversight, have been faithfully indexed, and in the easiest manner for reference. Between seventy and eighty periodicals have yielded the keys of their store-houses of treasures into Mr. POOLE's adventurous hands; and that gentleman has invited the multitude of scholars, writers, and readers to come in and share his advantage. Almost every article on almost every subject, treated of for the last fifty years in the wide range of periodicals, he has indexed under its appropriate head, which is as easily found as any word in Webster's Dictionary. The philosopher, the statesman, the manufacturer, the artisan—in short, all classes of readers, writers, students, and laborers, have a direct interest in this valuable and remarkable work. Henceforward Mr. POOLE's name can never be pronounced without respect by those who have hitherto been lost for want of a guide in the labyrinth of miscellaneous literature. — *New-York Times*.

Ellen Montgomery's Book-Case. — Mr. Rutherford's Children. By the authoress of "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," "Dollars and Cents," etc. New York: Putnam & Co. Miss WARNER, the able author of "The Wide, Wide World," proposes, with the assistance of her sister, the author of "Dollars and Cents," to furnish young readers with a little library of books, to be called "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Case." The first tale, "Mr. Rutherford's Children," is contained in this volume. How it will please the juveniles for whom it is specially designed, we cannot, of course, undertake to say; but we confess to having read it ourselves with abundant satisfaction. To our mind, it is one of the best books for children, both in the story and the moral, that has been published for a long time; and in point of style shows a decided advance on that of the "Wide, Wide World." The next volume of the series will be "The Christmas Stocking." Afterwards will appear "The Breakfast Table," and, in due time, the whole book-case. The idea is ingenious; and if the present work is a fair specimen of what is to follow, "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Case" will be even more popular than the author's previous works. — *N. Y. Times*, &c.

The Poetical Works of General Morris, with Illustrations on Steel, by Darley & Weir. One Superb Volume, with a Portrait. New York:

Charles Scribner.—We hail with sincere pleasure this magnificent edition of the works of our best song-writer, whose popularity is only bounded by the geographical limits of the English language. "Woodman, spare that tree" is a household lyric wherever that language is spoken. It is sung in our land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and there is not a village in Great Britain where the men who sit at their ale in the way-side tavern do not apply the sentiment, perhaps without strict reference to vocal effect, to the most popular tree in their neighborhood. It is popular at fashionable parties in London; it is sung by the British officer on the banks of the Ganges; by the emigrant at the gold-diggings in Australia, and by the colonists at Cape Town, within a stone's throw of LETITIA LONDON's grave. Like the morning gun of the English, it is heard round the world. If this is a test of success, as surely it is, then General MORRIS is one of the most fortunate of poets. His songs, like MOORE's, may not be transcendently fine, but they contain, in their readiness of adaptation to the popular sentiment, the elements of a lasting success, which lyrics of a higher pretension often fail to attain. He is a writer for the many, not for the few. The few may turn coldly away, but the hearts of the many warm towards him.

Of this particular volume, any praise of ours would be superfluous. It is what we have called it — magnificent. The paper, the type, the binding and embellishments are in the best style, while the engravings equal the very finest that have ever appeared in any illustrated work in this country. Such a book, especially at the gift-giving season, should command an extensive sale. It should occupy the place of honor on the table of every lady in the land. — *New York Times*.

City and Country Life; or Moderate better than Rapid Gains. — By Mrs. Mary Ide Torrey. "It is no matter of regret or sorrow to us [of Massachusetts] that few are very rich; but it is our pride and glory that few are very poor." — *Daniel Webster*. — Tappan & Whittemore, Boston.

This book has a triple-claim to an extensive patronage. In the first place, the subject has an importance which it is not easy adequately to estimate; and at this day, and in this country particularly, when and where, one of the crying sins, is making haste to be rich; it has an adaptation and point, which, perhaps, it never could have had at any other period, or in any other country. And then the story is constructed with great artistic skill, exhibiting character with uncommon grace and naturalness, and so disposing of circumstances, and blending lights and shades as to produce the best impression in the result. And finally, those who know how to appreciate tender and hallowed associations, will not be indifferent to the circumstance, that the gifted writer is the daughter of one of our most distinguished and esteemed clergymen; the grand-daughter of the great Emmons, whose name can never die; and, in a yet more endearing relation, associated with a scene of bereavement, that has left an enduring blot upon the character of our country, and has enlisted for her the sympathy, we had almost said, of the civilized world. — *Puritan Recorder*.

